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Po. germ. 412 $\frac{m}{1}$

Furness.

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Mr. C. Johnson

THE ZOZO OF THE RIFF

THE ZOZO OF THE RIFF

THE SONG OF THE BELL

WITH OTHER

POEMS FROM THE GERMAN

G E M S

THE ZONE OF THE BEEF

THE ZONE OF THE BEEF

WITH

FORMS FROM THE GERMANY

THE ZONE OF THE BEEF

THE ZONE OF THE BEEF

G E M S

OF

German Verse

BY

WILLIAM H. FURNESS

A NEW EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED

PHILADELPHIA
WILLIS P. HAZARD 724 CHESTNUT STREET
1860

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WHOSE CONTRIBUTIONS ENRICH
ITS PAGES

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ITS PAGES

— THIS BOOK
IS

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THE SONG OF THE BELL

FOUR OF THE BEST

The history of the world is a story of the human mind. It is a story of the human mind in its various phases, of its growth, of its decline, of its revival. It is a story of the human mind in its various phases, of its growth, of its decline, of its revival.

THE HISTORY OF THE HUMAN MIND. A story of the human mind in its various phases, of its growth, of its decline, of its revival.

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THE
SONG OF THE BELL.

[THE poetry of this poem has been made familiar to English readers rather by the Outlines of Retzsch and the music of Römberg, than by any translation that has yet been published. The attempt to translate this, or any genuine poem, is very formidable. Although not without their felicities, yet in no one of the four translations which I have seen,—two published in this country and two in England,—does the design seem to have been cherished of preserving in the English the varied music of the German. The double rhymes have been continually neglected. In the following translation, while the closest adherence has been attempted to the letter, the aim has been to convey some idea of the music of the original.

As the present translator, in presuming to criticise his predecessors, betrays perhaps an undue estimation of his own success, he wishes to remark, *ex gratiâ modestiæ*, that, as one of the greatest perils to a translator of poetry arises from the excitement, in the course of his labor, of his own poetical faculty, whereby he is constantly liable to mistake, amidst the thickcoming fancies which the original starts, his own vivid images for the thoughts of the poet, it follows that he, who has barely enough of the poetical sentiment to enable him to have some appreciation of the work he undertakes to translate, may, on this account, have a better chance of success than others of a higher poetical temperament.

It is observable that the latter part of the "Song of the Bell" was composed by the lurid light of the old French Revolution, from which so many of the first men of the time, Burke, for instance, like Schiller, "shrunk almost blinded by the glare."']

VIVOS VOOCO. MORTUOS PLANGO. FULGURA FRANGO.*

IN the earth, now firmly planted,
 Stands the mould of well-burnt clay.
 Brisk! my lads, your strength is wanted,
 We must make the bell to-day!

From the heated brow,
 Sweat must freely flow,
 So the work the master showeth;
 Yet the blessing Heaven bestoweth.

The work, we earnestly are doing
 Befitteth well an earnest word;
 Then Toil goes on, more cheerly flowing,
 When good discourse is also heard.

* The meaning of this old motto for a bell is obvious enough, with the exception of the last clause,—“The living I call. The dead I bewail. *The lightnings I break.*” “It is said,” remarks Mrs. Jamieson, in her recent very beautiful work on “Sacred and Legendary Art,” quoting from Durandus, “that the wicked spirits that be in the region of the air fear much when they hear the bells ringen; and this is the cause why the bells be ringen when it thundereth; to the end that the foul fiend and wicked spirits should be abashed and flee, and cease from moving of the tempest.”

So let us then with care now ponder
What through weak strength originates;
To him no reverence can we render,
Who never heeds what he creates.
'Tis this indeed that man most graceth,
For this 'tis his to understand,
That in his inner heart he traceth,
What he produces with his hand.

Take the wood, from pine trunks riven,
Dry it must be through and through,
That the flame, straight inward driven,
Fiercely strike into the flue!

Let the copper brew!

Quick the tin in, too!

That the tough bell-metal going,
Through the mould be rightly flowing.

What in the pit, by help of fire,
The hand of man is forming thus,
High in the belfry of the spire,
There will it tell aloud of us.
Still will it last while years are rolling,
And many hearts by it be stirred,
With all the mourner's woes condoling,
And with Devotion's choir accord.
Whate'er this changing life is bringing,
Here down beneath, to Earth's frail son,

Strikes on the metal crown, which, ringing,
Will monitory sound it on.

Bubbles white I see appearing;
Good! the mass is melted now.
Throw in salts, the fluid clearing,
They will help it quick to flow.

Clean too from the scum
Must the mixture come,
That in metal pure abounding,
Pure and full the bell be sounding.

For, with joyous, solemn meaning,
The child beloved it soon will greet
Upon his life's first walk, beginning,
Wrapt in the arms of Slumber sweet;*
For him yet rest in Time's dark bosom
Funereal wreath and joyous blossom;
A mother's tender cares adorning
With watchful love his golden morning,—
The years,—they fly like arrows fleet.
The maiden's plays the proud boy scorneth,
He rushes forth, the world to roam
With pilgrim's staff, at last returneth,
A stranger in his father's home.

* The allusion here is to the custom of carrying the child to church, a few days after birth, to be christened. See "Retzsch's Outlines," No. 1.

And brilliant, in her youthful splendor,
Like creature come from Heaven's height,
With cheeks all mantling, modest, tender,
The maiden stands before his sight.
A nameless longing then is waking
In the youth's heart; he strolls alone;
The tears from out his eyes are breaking;
Joy in his brothers' sports is gone.
He blushes as her steps he traces,
Her greeting smile his heart elates,
For fairest flowers the fields he searches,
Wherewith his love he decorates.
O tender longing, hope delicious,
The golden time of young first love,
The eye beholdeth heaven open,
Revels the heart in bliss above!
Oh that, forever fresh and vernal,
First love's sweet season were eternal!

See how brown the pipes are getting!
This little rod I dip it in,
If it show a glazed coating,
Then the casting may begin.

Now, my lads, enough!
Prove me now the stuff,
The brittle with the soft combining,
See if they be rightly joining.

For when the Strong and Mild are pairing,
The Manly with the Tender sharing,
The chord will then be good and strong.
See ye, who join in endless union,
That heart with heart be in communion!
For Fancy's brief, Repentance long.

Lovely round the bride's locks clinging,
Plays the virgin coronal,
When the merry church-bells ringing
Summon to the festival.

Ah! the hour of life most festal
Ends the May of Life also,
With the veil, and girdle vestal
Breaks the lovely charm in two.

For Passion will fly,
But Love is enduring,
The flower must die,
Fruit is maturing.

The man must be out
In hostile life striving,
Be toiling and thriving,
And planting, obtaining,
Devising and gaining,
And daring, enduring,
So fortune securing;

Then riches flow in, all untold in their measure,
And filled is the garner with costliest treasure;
The store-rooms increase, the house spreadeth out,

And in it presides
The chaste gentle housewife,
The mother of children,
And ruleth metely
The household discreetly;
The maidens she traineth,
The boys she restraineth,
And work never lingers,
So busy her fingers,
Increasing the gains
With ordering pains,
And sweet-scented presses with treasure is filling,
And thread round the swift humming spindle is
 reeling,
And the neat burnished chests,—she gathers them
 full
Of linen snow-white, and of glistening wool,
The gloss and the shine to the good she adds ever,
And resteth never.

And the father with look elate,
From the high far-seeing gable
Surveys his blooming, broad estate,
Seeth his buildings forest-like growing,*

* This line is obscure in the original. Literally: "Seeth the projecting beams (or trees) of the pillars." Perhaps the line is elucidated by reference to the method of constructing the out-houses on German farms. It is said that the framework is left

And the barns with their lofts o'erflowing,
 And the granaries, bent with the blessing,
 And the corn as it waves unceasing;
 Boasting, with pride-lit face:
 Firm, as the Earth's own base,
 'Gainst all misfortune's strength,
 Standeth my house at length!
 Yet with mighty Fate supernal,
 Man can weave no bond eternal,
 And Misfortune strideth fast.

Be the casting now beginning;
 Finely jagged is the grain.
 But before we set it running,
 Let us breathe a pious strain!

Now knock out the tap!

God forbid mishap!

Through the bending cannons hollow
 Smoking shoots the fire brown billow.

Beneficent the might of Flame,
 When man keeps watch and makes it tame.

visible, and the pillars or supporters, the spaces between which are filled in with bricks or stone, bear a faint resemblance to trees. See "Retzsch's Outlines," No. 10. Or it may have reference to a custom common in many parts of Europe of using as landmarks rows of trees, whose lower branches have been lopped for firewood. In this case the line might read:

Seeth his landmarks forest-like growing.

In what he fashions, what he makes,
Help from this Heaven's force he takes.
But fearful is this force of Heaven,
When, having all its fetters riven,
It bursts forth, its own law to be,
Thy daughter, Nature, wild and free!
Wo! when once emancipated,
With nought her power to withstand,
Through the streets thick populated,
High she waves her monstrous brand!
By the elements is hated
What is formed by mortal hand.
From the heavens
Blessing gushes,
The shower rushes;
From the heavens, all alike,
Lightnings strike.
Hear ye not the belfry moan?
'Tis the alarm!
Blood-red now
Heaven is flushing;
That is not the daylight's glow!
What a rushing
Streets all up!
Smoke rolls up!
The fire column, flickering, flowing,
Through the long streets swiftly growing,
With the wind is onward going;

As from out a furnace flashing,
Glow the air, and beams are crashing,
Pillars tumble, windows creaking,
Mothers fleeing, children shrieking,
Cattle lowing
'Mid the ruin;
All is fleeing, saving, running,
Light as day the night's becoming;
Through the chain of hands, all vying,
Swiftly flying,
Goes the bucket; bow-like bending,
Spouts the water, high ascending.
Howling comes the blast, befriending
The flame it roaring seeks and fans.
Crackling 'midst the well-dried grains,
Seizing in the granary chambers
On the dry wood of the timbers,
And, as if it would, in blowing,
Tear the huge bulk of the world
With it, in its flight, uphurled,
Mounts the flame to heaven, growing
Giant tall!
Hopeless all,
Man to God at last hath yielded,
Idly sees what he hath builded,
Wondering, to destruction going.

All burnt out
Are the places,
Where the tempest wild reposes.
In the vacant windows dreary,
Horror's sitting,
And the clouds of heaven, flitting
High, look in.

Ere he goes,
On the ashes,
Where his riches
Buried lie, one look man throws,—
His pilgrim's staff then gladly clutches.
Whate'er the fire from him hath torn,
One solace sweet is ever nearest,
The heads he counteth of his dearest,
And lo! not one dear head is gone.

In the earth it now reposes,
Happily the mould is full;
When our work the light discloses,
Will it pay our pains and skill?
Should the casting crack?
If the mould should break?
Ah! perhaps, while we are waiting,
Mischief is its work completing.

To holy Earth's dark, silent bosom
We our handiwork resign,
The husbandmen the seed consign,
And hope that it will swell and blossom
And bless the sower, by laws divine.
Still costlier seed, in sorrow bringing,
We hide within the lap of earth,
And hope that, from the coffin springing,
'Twill bloom in brighter beauty forth.

From the belfry,
Deep and slow,
Tolls the funeral
Note of woe.
Sad and solemn, with its knell attending
Some new wanderer, his last journey wending.

Ah! the wife it is, the dear one;
Ah! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the angel dark is bearing
From the husband's arms endearing,
From the group of children far,
Whom she blooming to him bare;
Whom she on her faithful breast
Saw with joy maternal rest.
Ah! the household ties that bound her,
Are unloosed for evermore,
For pale shadows now surround her,

Who the household ruled o'er!
For her faithful guidance ceases,
No more keepeth watch her care,
In the void and orphaned places
Rules the stranger, loveless there.

Till the bell be cooled and hardened,
Let there rest from labor be;
And be each as free, unburdened,
As the bird upon the tree.

Once the stars appear,
From all duty clear,
Workmen hear the vespers ringing;
Still to Master care is clinging.

Joyous haste his bosom swelling,
In the wild and far-off greenwood,
Seeks the wanderer his dear dwelling.
Bleating wind the sheep slow homeward,
And the kine too,
Sleek and broad-browed, slowly trooping,
Come in lowing,
To the stalls accustomed going.
Heavy in
Rocks the wagon,
Harvest laden.
Bright with flowers,
On sheafy towers

Garlands glance,
And the younger of the reapers
Seek the dance.
Street and market-place grow stiller;
Round the light, domestic, social,
Gather now the household inmates,
And the city gate shuts creaking.
Black bedighted
All the Earth is;
Rest the people unaffrighted
By the dark,
Which alarms the bad benighted;
For the eye of Law doth watch and mark.

Holy Order, rich in blessing,
Heaven's daughter, lightly pressing
Holds her law all ranks connected.
Mighty States hath she erected,
Calling from the wilds the savage
There to dwell,—no more to ravage,
Into human huts she goeth,
And all gentle customs showeth,
Weaving that dear tie around us,
Which to Fatherland hath bound us.

Busy hands, by thousands stirring,
In a cheerful league unite,
And it is in fiery motion
That all forces come to light.

Briskly work, by Freedom guarded,
Both the master and the men,
Each one in his place rewarded,
Scorning every scoffer then.
Labor is our decoration,
Work, the blessing will command,
Kings are honored by their station,
Honors *us* the toil-worn hand.

Gentle Concord,
Heavenly Peace,
Hover, hover,
Ever friendly o'er this place!
Never may that day be dawning
When the hordes of battle swarming
Through this silent vale are storming;
When the heavens,
Which, with evening blushing mildly,
Softly beam,
Shall with flames, consuming wildly
Town and cities, fearful gleam!

Break me up the useless structure,
It has now fulfilled its part,
That the work, without a fracture,
Joy may give to eye and heart.

Swing the hammer, swing,
Till the case shall spring!

That the bell to light be given,
Be the mould in pieces riven.

The master wise alone is knowing
Just when the mould should broken be,
But wo! when, streams of fire flowing,
The glowing ore itself sets free!
Blind raging, with the crash of thunder,
It shivers the exploded house,
As if hell's jaws had yawned asunder,
Destruction far and wide it throws.
When brutal force is senseless storming,
There can no perfect work be forming;
When nations seek themselves to free,
There can no common welfare be.

Wo! if heaped up, the fire-tinder
The inmost heart of cities fill,
Their fetters rending all asunder,
The people work their own fierce will!
Then at the bell-ropes tuggeth Riot,
The bell howls forth a wailing sound,
Sacred to peace alone and quiet,
For blood it rings the signal round.

"Equality and Freedom," howling,
Rushes to arms the citizen,
And bloody-minded bands are prowling,
And streets and halls are filled with men;

Then women to hyenas turning,
On bloody horrors feast and laugh,
And with the thirst of panthers burning,
The blood of hearts yet quivering quaff.
Nought sacred is there more, for breaking
Are all the bands of pious Awe,
The good man's place the bad are taking,
And all the vices mock at law.
'Tis dangerous to rouse the lion,
And deadly is the tiger's tooth,
And yet the terriblest of terrors,
Is man himself devoid of ruth.
Alas! when to the ever blinded
The heavenly torch of Light is lent!
It guides him not, it can but kindle
Whole States in flames and ashes blent.

Joy to me now God hath given!
Look ye! like a golden star,
From the shell, all bright and even,
Comes the metal-kernel clear.

Bright from top to rim,
Like the sun's own beam.

E'en the 'scutcheon, formed completely,
Shows its maker worketh neatly.

Come all! come all!
My comrades, stand around and listen,

While solemnly our work we christen !
CONCORDIA we the bell will call.
To concord and to heartfelt adoration
Assembling here the loving congregation.

And this its office be henceforth,
Whereto the master gave it birth :
High, this low earthly being over,
Shall it, in heaven's cerulean tent,
The neighbor of the thunder, hover,
And border on the firmament.
And let it be a voice from Heaven,
Joined with the starry host afar,
By which high praise to God is given.
And which lead on the crownéd year.
Its metal mouth alone devoted
To sacred and eternal things,
And hourly, Time, still onward flying,
Shall touch it with his rapid wings.
To Destiny a tongue affording,
Heartless itself, befall what may,
It feels for none, yet shall its swinging
Attend upon life's changeful play.
And as away its music fadeth,
That strikes so grandly on the ear,
So may it teach that nought abideth,
That all things earthly disappear.

Now with strength the rope is lending,
Raise the Bell from out the ground,
In the atmosphere ascending,
Let it seek the realms of Sound!

Heave it, heave it, raise!

Now it moves, it sways!

Joy to us may it betoken,
PEACE, the first sound by it spoken.

W. H. FURNESS.

“AND SHE BRAKE THE BOX AND
POURED.”

COUNTESS IDA HAHN HAHN.

AT thy feet, O Lord, imploring,
With the Magdalene's burning heart,
All myself in tears outpouring,
Let me thus appease my smart.

Box of balm I break not, buy not;—
Breaks my heart, and tears flow free.
Thee, alas! they glorify not,
Only, Lord, they solace me.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

THE ERL-KING.

GOETHE.

[Not for any supposed superiority in the translation, but for the sake of the admirable music of Schubert, the first two lines of the seventh stanza of this ballad, as translated by Sir Walter Scott, have been adopted in the place of Mr. Hedge's which run thus :

“I love thee ; thy beauty has ravished my sense,
And willing or not, I will carry thee hence.”—Ed.]

WHO rideth so late through the night-wind wild ?
It is the father with his child ;
He has the little one well in his arm ;
He holds him safe, and he folds him warm.

My son, why hidest thy face so shy ?—
Seest thou not, father, the Erl-king nigh ?
The Erl-king, with train and crown ?—
It is a wreath of mist, my son.

“Come, lovely boy, come, go with me ;
Such merry plays I will play with thee ;
Many a bright flower grows on the strand,
And my mother has many a gay garment at hand.”

My father, my father, dost thou not hear
What the Erl-king whispers low in my ear?—
Be quiet, my darling, be quiet, my child;
Through withered leaves the wind howls wild.

“Come, lovely boy, wilt thou go with me?
My daughters fair shall wait on thee;
My daughters their nightly revels keep;
They’ll sing, and they’ll dance, and they’ll rock thee
to sleep.”

My father, my father, and seest thou not
The Erl-king’s daughters in yon dim spot?—
My son, my son, I see and I know
’T is the old gray willow that shimmers so.

“I love thee, I dote on thy face so divine,
And art thou not willing, then force makes thee
mine.”

O father, the Erl-king now puts forth his arm!
O father, the Erl-king has done me harm!

The father shudders; he hurries on;
And faster he holds his moaning son;
He reaches his home with fear and dread,
And, lo! in his arms the child was dead!

F. H. HEDGE.

THE SINGER.

GOETHE.

WHAT strains are these before the gate?

Upon the bridge what chorus?

Go, bring the minstrel hither straight,

And let him play before us!

The king commands, the page retires,

The page returns, the king requires

The aged man to enter.

God greet ye! Lords and Ladies gay!

What wealth of starry lustre!

Star upon star in rich array,

Who names each shining cluster?

Amid such wealth and pomp sublime

Shut, shut, mine eyes! this is no time

To gaze in stupid wonder.

He closed his eyes, he struck a chord,

A brave old ditty played he,

Looked boldly on each noble lord,

And in her lap each lady.

The king, delighted with the strain,
Commanded that a golden chain
Reward the honored singer.

The golden chain give not me;
Bestow it on thy Ritter,
Who bears the palm of chivalry
Where hostile lances glitter.
Bestow it on thy Chancellor,
And be one golden burden more,
To other burdens added.

My song is like the woodbird's note,
An unbought, careless burden;
The lay that gushes from the throat
Is all-sufficient guerdon.
But might I choose, this choice were mine,—
A beaker of the richest wine,—
A golden beaker bring me!

The beaker brought, the minstrel quaffed:
O balmy cup of blessing!
And blessed the house, in such a draught,
A common boon possessing!
When fortune smiles, then think of me,
And thank ye God as heartily
As I for this now thank ye.

F. H. HEDGE.

SPIRIT-GREETING.

GOETHE.

[This little poem embodies one of the noblest conceptions in all literature. It was written by Goethe in the hey-day of youth, while sailing down the Rhine in company with Lavater and Basedow. We may suppose the young poet passing under the brow of some old Drachenfels or Ehrenbreitstein, suddenly pierced with the contrast between the gray and motionless ruin above and the floating life beneath. He hears a voice from the solemn past,—hoary eld and slow decay speaking to the “May of youth and bloom of lustyhood.”]

HE stands upon the turret high,
The hero's noble wraith,
And to the skiff that passeth by,
“Fair speed the voyage!” he saith.

“Behold, these sinews were so strong,
This heart so strong and wild,
Such pith did to these bones belong,
So high the board was piled.

“One half my life I stormed away,
One half in rest I drew;
And thou, thou mortal of to-day,
Thy mortal path pursue!”

F. H. HEDGE.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

GOETHE'S "FAUST."

RAPHAEL.

THE sun in wonted wise is sounding
With brother spheres a rival song,
And on his destined circuit bounding,
With thunder steps he speeds along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thoughts sublime.
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
Still bloom as in Creation's prime.

GABRIEL.

And fleetly, thought-surpassing fleetly,
The earth's green pomp is spinning round.
There Paradise alternates sweetly
With Night terrific and profound;
There foams the sea, with broad wave beating
Against the deep cliff's rocky base;
And rock and sea away are fleeting
In never-ending spherul chase.

MICHAEL.

And storms with rival fury heaving
From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still, as they rave, a chain are weaving
Of linked efficacy grand.
There burning Desolation blazes,
Precursor of the Thunder's way;
But, Lord, thy servants own with praises
The gentle movement of thy day.

THE THREE.

The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thought sublime.
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
Still bloom as in Creation's prime.

F. H. HEDGE.

THE DREAM.

UHLAND.

I DREAMED not long ago

I stood on a rocky steep,
On a cliff by the ocean's strand,
And I looked far over the land,
And down on the glorious deep.

Beneath me, in gallant trim,
A stately bark lay moored,
The surge its dark side laving,
Gaily its flag was waving,
And a pilot stood on board.

And behold there came from the mountains
A merry, merry band;
Bedecked with garlands bright,
They seemed like spirits of light,
As they tripped along the strand.

"Say, pilot, wilt thou take us?"

"What nymphs be ye so gay?"

"Earth's Joys and Pleasures are we,
From earth we fain would flee,
O! bear us from earth away!"

Then the pilot, he bade them enter;
And they entered one by one.

"But tell me, are here all?"

Are none left in bower or hall?"

And they answered, "There are none."

Away then! the bark leaped forth,
Unmoored from the anchor's thrall
And away she sped with a glorious motion,
And I saw them vanish over the Ocean,
Earth's Joys and Pleasures all.

F. H. HEDGE.

THE PILGRIM.

SCHILLER.

LIFE'S first beams were bright around me,
When I left my father's cot,
Breaking every tie that bound me
To that dear and hallowed spot.

Childish hopes and youthful pleasures,
Freely I renounced them all;
Went in quest of nobler treasures,
Trusting to a higher call.

For to me a voice had spoken,
And a Spirit seemed to say,
Wander forth, the path is broken,
Yonder, eastward lies thy way.

Rest not till a golden portal
Thou hast reached;—there enter in;
And what thou hast prized as mortal,
There, immortal life shall win.

Evening came, and morn succeeded;
On I sped, and never tired;
Cold, nor heat, nor storm I heeded;
Boundless hope my soul inspired.

Giant cliffs rose up before me;
Horrid wilds around me lay;
O'er the cliffs my spirit bore me;
Through the wilds I forced my way;

Came to where a mighty river
Eastward rolled its sullen tide;
Forth I launched with bold endeavor:
"Pilgrim stream, be thou my guide!"

It hath brought me to the ocean
Now, upon the wide, wide sea,
Where's the land of my devotion?
What I seek seems still to flee.

Woe is me! no path leads thither;
Earth's horizons still retreat;
Yonder never will come hither,
Sea and sky will never meet!

F. H. HEDGE.

LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

TH. KÖRNER.

WHAT gleams from yon wood in the bright sunshine?
Hear it nearer and nearer sounding;
It moveth along in a lowering line,
And wailing horns their shrill music combine,
The hearer with terror astounding.
Ask you whence those black horsemen? what meaneth
their race?
That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

What is it that flits through the forest shade,
From mountain to mountain stealing?
Now it lurks in a darkling ambuscade,
Now the wild hurrah and the cannonade
O'er the fallen Frank are pealing.
Ask you whence those black huntsmen? what game
do they trace?
That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

Where yon vineyards bloom, where the Rhine waves
dash,

The tyrant had sought him a cover,
But sudden and swift, like the lightning's flash,
The avenger plunges, the billows splash,
And his strong arms have ferried him over.

Ask you why those black swimmers the Rhine em-
brace?

That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

What conflict rages in yonder glen?

What meaneth the broadswords' clashing?
'Tis the conflict of lion-hearted men,
And the watch-fires of freedom are kindled again,
The heavens are red with their flashing.

Ask ye who those black warriors? what foe do they
face?

That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

Who yonder are smiling farewell to the light,

Where the foe breathes his last execration?
Death's shadows have swathed their brows in night,
But their hearts are true and their souls are bright,
They have seen their country's salvation.

Ask ye who are those struggling in Death's embrace?
That was Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

Aye, the wild chase and the German chase,
Let tyrants and hangmen shun it.
But mourn not for us who have run our race,
The country is free, and the day dawns apace,
What though with our lives we have won it?
And be it proclaimed from race to race,
That was Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

F. H. HEDGE.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

UHLAND.

ONCE in olden times was standing
A castle, high and grand,
Broad glancing in the sunlight,
Far over sea and land.
And round were fragrant gardens,
A rich and blooming crown;
And fountains, playing in them,
In rainbow brilliance shone.

There a haughty king was seated,
In lands and conquests great;
Pale and awful was his countenance,
As on his throne he sate;
For what he thinks, is Terror,
And what he looks, is Wrath,
And what he speaks, is Torture,
And what he writes, is Death.

There came unto this castle
A gentle minstrel pair,
The one with locks bright, golden,
The other gray of hair;
With harp in hand, the elder
A noble courser rode,
While beautiful, beside him
His young companion strode.

Said the elder to the younger,
"Now be prepared, my son!
Oh, let the lay be lofty,
And stirring be the tone;
Put forth thy grandest power,
Of joy and sorrow sing,
To touch the stony bosom
Of this remorseless king."

And now within the castle
These gentle minstrels stand.
On his throne the king is seated,
With the queen at his right hand;
The king in fearful splendor,
Like the Northern Lights' red glare;
The queen, so sweet and gentle,
Like a moonbeam resting there.

The old man struck the harp-strings,
Most wonderful to hear,
As richer, ever richer,
Swelled the music on the ear.
Then rose with heavenly clearness
The stripling's voice of fire;
And then they sang together,
Like a distant angel-choir.

They sing of love and spring-time,
Of happy, golden days,
Of manly worth and freedom
They sing the glorious praise;
They sing of all the beauty
The heart of man that thrills;
They sing of all the greatness
The soul of man that fills.

The courtly circle round them
Forget for once to sneer;
And bow those iron warriors,
As though a god were near.
The queen, in softness melting,
Forgets her sparkling crown,
And the rose from out her bosom
To the minstrels she throws down.

"Ye have seduced my people;
What, traitors, do you mean?"
The king, he shrieked in frenzy,
"Seduce ye now my queen?"
His sword, that gleamed like lightning,
At the stripling's heart he flings;
And thence, instead of golden songs,
The gushing life-blood springs.

The rapture of the listeners
Dies away as at a blast;
Upon his master's bosom
The youth has breathed his last.
The old man wraps his mantle
Around the bloody corse,
And then he firmly binds it
Erect upon his horse.

Yet, when he reached the gateway,
Then paused the minstrel old,
And took his harp so wondrous,
And broke its strings of gold,
And against a marble pillar
He shivered it in twain;
And thus his curse he shouted,
Till the castle rang again.

“Woe, woe, thou haughty castle,
With all thy gorgeous halls!
Sweet string or song be sounded
No more within thy walls.
No! sighs alone, and wailing,
And the coward steps of slaves!
Already round thy towers
The avenging spirit raves!

“Woe, woe, ye fragrant gardens,
With all your fair May light!
Look on this ghastly countenance,
And wither at the sight!
Let all your flowers perish!
Be all your fountains dry!
Henceforth a horrid wilderness,
Deserted, wasted, lie!

“Woe, woe, thou wretched murderer,
Thou curse of minstrelsy!
Thy struggles for a bloody fame,
All fruitless shall they be.
Thy name shall be forgotten,
Lost in eternal death,
Dissolving into empty air
Like a dying man's last breath!”

The old man's curse is uttered,
And Heaven above hath heard.
Those walls have fallen prostrate
At the minstrel's mighty word.
Of all that vanished splendor
Stands but one column tall;
And that, already shattered,
Ere another night may fall.

Around, instead of gardens,
Is a desert, heathen land;
No tree its shade dispenses,
No fountains cool the sand.
The king's name, it has vanished;
His deeds no songs rehearse;
Departed and forgotten!
This is the minstrel's curse.

W. H. FURNESS.

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

HEINE.

To France were traveling two grenadiers,
Who had fought with the Russian Suwarrow ;
And when they came to the German frontiers,
They hung down their heads in sorrow.

There came the heart-breaking news to their ears,
That France was by fortune forsaken ;
Scattered and slain were her brave grenadiers,
And Napoleon, Napoleon was taken.

Then wept together those two grenadiers
O'er their country's departed glory ;
"Woe's me!" said one, in the midst of his tears,
"My old wound,—how it burns at the story!"

The other said: "The end has come,
What avails any longer living?
Yet have I a wife and child at home,
For an absent father grieving.

“What is my wife? what is my child?
Dearer thoughts in my bosom awaken;
Go beg, wife and child, when with hunger wild,
For Napoleon, Napoleon is taken!

“O grant me, brother, my only prayer,
When in death my eyes are closing;
Take me to France, and bury me there;
In France be my ashes reposing.

“This cross of the Legion of Honor bright,
Let it lie,—near my heart,—upon me;
Give me my musket in my hand,
And buckle my sabre on me.

“So will I lie, and arise no more,
My watch like a sentinel keeping;
Till I hear the cannon’s thundering roar,
And the squadrons above me sweeping.

“Then the Emperor comes! and his banners wave
With their eagles o’er him bending;
And I will come forth, all in arms, from my grave,
Napoleon, Napoleon, attending!”

W. H. FURNESS.

THE CHATEAU DE BONCOURT.

CHAMISSO.

[Adalbert von Chamisso, the author of the well-known tale of Peter Schlemihl, although a born Frenchman, stands high among German writers. "Such an example," says the writer in the Foreign Quarterly, to whom we are indebted for the following admirable translations, "of eminent mastery achieved both in prose and verse over a language, which was not the writer's mother-tongue, is almost unique in the history of literature." Chamisso's poems are very popular. "Next to Uhland's, none were in such frequent demand for presents as his; bridegrooms especially selected them as gifts for their brides."]

A DREAM wafts me back to childhood,
And I shake my hoary head;
How ye crowd on my soul, ye visions,
I thought were for ever fled.

There glistens o'er dusky foliage
A lordly pile elate;
I know these towers and turrets,
The bridges, the massive gate.

Welcoming, kindly faces
The armorial lions show;
I greet each old acquaintance,
As in through the arch I go.

There lies the Sphinx at the fountain,
There darkly the fig-tree gleams;
'Twas yonder, behind those windows,
I was rapt in my earliest dreams.

I enter the chapel, and look for
My ancestor's hallow'd grave;
'Tis here, and on yonder pillar
Is hanging his antique glaive.

I try to decipher the legend,
But a mist is upon my eyes,
Though the light from the painted window
Full on the marble lies.

Home of my fathers, how plainly
Thou standest before me now!
Yet thou from the earth art vanished,
And over thee goes the plough.

Fruitful, dear earth, be thou ever;
My fondest blessing on thee!
And a double blessing go with him
That ploughs thee, whoever he be.

For me, to my destiny yielding,
I will go with my harp in my hand,
And wander the wide world over,
Singing from land to land.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

CHAMISSO.

"THREE dollars, three, for my dog to pay!
Lightning strike me this moment I pray!
What can they mean, these tyrant police?
Where will their grinding of poor men cease?

"I am a broken, weary old man;
And earn a penny I never can;
I have no bread, no money, no dole,
Hunger and want are my portion sole.

"And when I sickened, and fever shook me,
Who pitied me when all else forsook me?
When alone in God's wide world I stood,
Who was it bore me companionhood?

"When my woes were sorest, whose love was un-
flinching?

Who warmed my limbs when the frost was pinching?
And when I was hungry and surly, who
Growled not, but patiently hungered too?

"Our wretched life we have both, old friend,
Drained to the dregs; it must have an end;
Old and sickly thou 'rt grown like me;
I must drown thee;—and this is my thanks to thee!

"This is my thanks for thy love unswerving!
'Tis the way of the world with all deserving.
Though my part in many a fight I have played,
'Sdeath! I am new at the hangman's trade.

'Here is the cord, here is the stone,
There is the water,—it must be done.
Come hither, poor cur, not a look on me cast;
One push with my foot, and all is past."

As he tied on his neck the fatal band,
The dog fawned on him and licked his hand,—
He tore back the cord in trembling haste,
And round his own neck he bound it fast.

And wildly he uttered a fearful curse,
And wildly he gathered his latest force,
And he plunged in the flood; white eddies rushed,
Recoiled, chafed, bubbled,—and all was hushed!

In vain sprang the dog to his rescue then,
Howled to the ships for the aid of men,
Whining and tugging he gathered them round,—
'Twas the corpse of the beggar they laid on the ground.

To the grave in silence the beggar was borne,
With the dog alone to follow and mourn;
And over the turf that wrapped his clay,
The fond brute stretched him, and died where he lay.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

CHAMISSE.*

AMONG yon lines her hands have laden,
A laundress with white hair appears,
Alert as many a youthful maiden,
Spite of her five-and-seventy years.
Bravely she won those white hairs, still
Eating the bread hard toil obtained her.
And laboring truly to fulfil
The duties to which God ordained her.

Once she was young and full of gladness,
She loved and hoped, was wooed and won;
Then came the matron's cares, the sadness
No loving heart on earth may shun.
Three babes she bore her mate; she prayed
Beside his sick-bed; he was taken;
She saw him in the church-yard laid,
Yet kept her faith and hope unshaken.

* These lines, the last composed by Chamisso, he published separately for the benefit of the poor old woman of whom they tell, and to whom they brought in about 150 dollars.

The task her little ones of feeding
She met unfaltering from that hour;
She taught them thrift and honest breeding,
Her virtues were their worldly dower.
To seek employment, one by one,
Forth with her blessing they departed,
And she was in the world alone,
Alone and old, but still high-hearted.

With frugal forethought, self-denying,
She gathered coin, and flax she bought,
And many a night her spindle plying,
Good store of fine-spun thread she wrought.
The thread was fashioned in the loom;
She brought it home, and calmly seated
To work, with not a thought of gloom,
Her decent grave-clothes she completed.

She looks on them with fond elation,
They are her wealth, her treasure rare,
Her age's pride and consolation,
Hoarded with all a miser's care.
She dons the sark each Sabbath day,
To hear the Word that faileth never;
Well-pleased she lays it then away,
Till she shall sleep in it for ever.

Would that my spirit witness bore me
That, like this woman, I had done
The work my Maker put before me,
Duly from morn till set of sun.
Would that life's cup had been by me
Quaffed in such wise and happy measure,
And that I too might finally
Look on my shroud with such meek pleasure.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

UHLAND.

SAW'ST thou a castle fair?
Yon castle by the sea;
Golden and rosy there,
The clouds float gorgeously.

And fain it would descend
Into the wave below,
And fain it would soar and blend
With the evening's crimson glow.

Yon castle I have viewed,
Yon castle by the sea;
The moon above it stood
And the mists hung heavily.

The wind and the heaving sea
Sounded they fresh and strong?
From the Hall came notes of glee,
Harping and festive song?

The winds and the waters all
Rested in slumber deep,
And I heard from the groaning Hall
Music that made me weep.

Saw'st thou the king and his spouse
Walking there side by side,
The diadem on their brows,
And their mantles waving wide?

Led they their cherished one
With joy, a daughter fair,
Resplendent as the sun
In the light of her golden hair?

Well saw I the royal pair,
But without the crown I wot;
Dark mourning weeds they ware.
The maiden saw I not.

F. H. HEDGE.

THE LOST CHURCH.

UHLAND.

WHEN one into the forest goes,
A music sweet the spirit blesses,
But whence it cometh, no one knows,
Nor common rumor even guesses.
From the lost church those strains must swell
That come on all the winds resounding;
The path to it now none can tell,
That path with pilgrims once abounding.

As lately, in the forest, where
No beaten path could be discovered,
All lost in thought, I wandered far,
Upward to God my spirit hovered.
When all was silent round me there,
Then in my ears that music sounded;
The higher, purer, rose my prayer,
The nearer, fuller, it resounded.

Upon my heart such peace there fell,
Those strains with all my thoughts so blended,
That how it was I cannot tell,
That I so high that hour ascended.
It seemed a hundred years and more
That I had been thus lost in dreaming,
When, all earth's vapours opening o'er,
A free large place stood, brightly beaming.

The sky it was so blue and bland,
The sun it was so full and glowing,
As rose a Minster vast and grand,
The golden light all round it flowing.
The clouds on which it rested seemed
To bear it up like wings of fire;
Piercing the heavens, so I dreamed,
Sublimely rose its lofty spire.

The bell,—what music from it rolled,—
Shook, as it pealed, the trembling tower;
Rung by no mortal hand, but tolled
By some unseen, unearthly power.
The self-same power from Heaven thrilled
My being to its inmost centre,
As, all with fear and gladness filled,
Beneath the lofty dome I enter.

I stood within the solemn pile,—
Words cannot tell with what amazement,
As saints and martyrs seemed to smile
Down on me from each gorgeous casement.
I saw the pictures grow alive,
And I beheld a world of glory,
Where sainted men and women strive,
And act again their godlike story.

Before the altar knelt I low,—
Love and devotion only feeling,
While Heaven's glory seemed to glow,
Depicted on the lofty ceiling.
Yet when again I upward gazed,
The mighty dome in twain was shaken,
And Heaven's gate wide open blazed,
And every veil away was taken.

What majesty I then beheld,
My heart with adoration swelling;
What music all my senses filled,
Beyond the organ's power of telling,
In words can never be exprest;
Yet for that bliss who longs sincerely,
O let him to the music list,
That in the forest soundeth clearly!

W. H. FURNESS.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

J. C. VON ZEDLITZ.

AT midnight hour the drummer
Gets up from his grave so low ;
With his drum his round he marches,
Goes briskly to and fro.

With his fleshless arms the drumsticks
He plies in measure true ;
Strikes many a rapid roll-call,
Reveillé and tattoo.

The drum sounds strange and ghostly,
It has a mighty beat ;
The slain and mouldering soldiers,
Rise at it on their feet.

And they in frosts of Russia,
All stiff with ice and storm ;
And they that lie in Italy,
Where they find the earth too warm ;

They whom the Nile-mud covers,
And the Arabian sand,
They stalk out from their charnels,
And musket take in hand.

* * * *

At midnight hour, the cornet
Gets up from his grave so low;
He peals into his trumpet,
And rides forth to and fro.

Then on their airy horses,
Come the dead riders old;
The bloody veteran squadrons,
With weapons manifold.

The whitened skulls are grinning,
Beneath the helms they wear,
And skeleton the fingers,
That the long sabres bear.

* * *

At midnight hour the chieftain
Gets up from his grave so low;
By all his staff attended,
He comes forth riding slow.

He wears a little hat,
And a coat quite plain has on;
And slender is the sword
That at his side hangs down.

The moon with yellow lustre,
O'er all the broad field shines;
The man with the little hat,
Looks down along the lines.

The ranks present their muskets,
Then shoulder,—then away,
With drum and clarion sounding,
Sweeps by the whole array.

The generals and marshals
Stand round in circle near;
The Chief speaks to the nearest
One low word in his ear.

The word goes round that circle,
Then echoes far and wide;
"France" is the watchword given,
"St. Helena" replied.

This is the grand Parade
In the Elysian field,
That, as twelve o'clock is striking,
Is by dead Cæsar held.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

THE LAST POET.

ANASTASIUS GRUEN.

[THE COUNT VON AUERSPERG.]

“WHEN will you bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended
The old eternal song?

“Is it not, long since, empty,—
The horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered;
And all the fountains dry?”

As long as the Sun's Chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
Gives answering glances back;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And frightened at their fury
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempest,
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
Of reconcilment glow;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle
To cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle
And smile in pleasure's ray;

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;

So long on earth shall wander
The goddess Poesy,
And with her one exulting
Her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel,—
He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the Creation
Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower-Giant
Begins to show decay,
And Earths and Suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask,—if of the question
Not weary yet,—how long
Ere it is sung and ended
The old eternal song.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE.

FROM CHAMISSO.

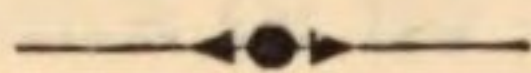
THEY WERE

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE

FROM CHAMBER

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE.



I.

IN LOVE.

EVER since I've seen him,
Blind I seem to be;
Wheresoe'er I look now,
Him alone I see;
Floats his form before me,
In my waking dreams;
And in deepest darkness
Only brighter beams.

All is dark and gloomy,
All around me here;
For my sisters' pastimes
I no longer care;
In my little chamber,
To silent tears resign'd,
Ever since I've seen him,
I believe I'm blind.

II.

THE LOVER.

HE of all, he is the noblest;
Oh so gentle! oh so kind!
Lips so gracious, eyes so tender,
Clear good sense and manly mind.

So, as in those depths of azure,
Bright and beauteous, yonder star,
So is he in my own heaven,
Bright and beauteous, high and far.

Keep, oh keep on in thine orbit,
Only let me see thee shine,
Only humbly gazing upward,
Bliss and sadness shall be mine!

Heed it not—my prayer is only,
Mayst thou always happy be;
Thou must know no lowly maiden,
Lofty star of majesty!

Only she, of all most worthy,
Shall receive thy dear caress;
And thy chosen—I will bless her,
Many thousand times will bless.

I'll rejoice then, and I'll weep too,
Blessed, blessed then my lot,
Should my heart be broken even;
Break, oh heart! why shouldst thou not?

III.

THE OFFER.

I CANNOT believe it, nor think it;
I have by a dream been crazed;
From all—how could he intend it—
Poor me to be honor'd and raised!

Methought that I heard him saying,
I live only for thee!
Methought—yet still I keep dreaming,
For so it can never be.

O let me die in thus dreaming,
Reposing upon his breast,
In tears of delight departing
Thus gently away to my rest.

I V.

BETROTHAL.

THOU ring upon my finger,
Thou little ring of gold,
To my lips I fervently press thee,
To my heart I fervently hold.

The peaceful dream of my childhood—
It all had ended and gone,
And in the world, vast and desert,
I found myself lost and alone.

Thou ring upon my finger,
First taught by thee, I look forth,
And now my eyes thou hast open'd,
To Life's inexpressible worth.

Him will I serve, will I live for,
Lost in his being quite,
And so find myself, self-renouncing,
Transfigur'd in his pure light.

Thou ring upon my finger,
Thou little ring of gold,
To my lips I fervently press thee,
To my heart I fervently hold.

V.

WEDDING.

HELP me, dear sisters;
Kindly adorn me;
Serve the happy one on this day,
Busily twining
Wreaths round my forehead,
Wreaths of blossoming myrtle gay.

When I, contented,
Peaceful and happy,
On the arm of my lov'd one lay,
Still was he ever,
With ardent desire,
Oh how impatiently begging this day!

Help me, dear sisters,
Help me to quiet
This silly heart, and make it beat less,
That with clear beaming
Eyes I receive him,
Him, the fountain of happiness.

Thou, my beloved,
Shine thou upon me;
Grant me, sun, to shine with thy light;

Let me devoutly,
Let me all humbly,
Ever rejoice in his dear sight.

Strew for him, sisters,
Strew for him flowers,
Bring him fresh blowing roses sweet.
You, my dear sisters;
Though joyous the hour,
Let me in parting mournfully greet.

VI.

MATERNAL HOPES.

SWEETEST friend, thou lookest
On me with surprise;
Canst not understand why
Tears are in my eyes.
Let the liquid pearl-drops'
Unaccustom'd ray,
All with pleasure trembling,
On my lashes stay.

Anxious is my bosom,
Yet so joyful too;
In what words to tell it,
If I only knew!

Come and hide thy face here,
Here upon my breast;
In thine ear in whispers
Let me tell the rest.

Mother I have question'd
What is to befall;
And my blessed mother—
She has told me all.
By her I'm instructed
How, so judges she,
Soon a little cradle
Must provided be.

Now thou know'st the reason
Why to tears I'm mov'd;
Thou shouldst never see them,
Thou, my best lov'd.
On my heart remaining,
Feel its every beat;
Close to it and closer,
Let me press thee, sweet.

There, too, at my bedside,
Has the cradle place,
Where be my sweet dreaming
Concealed for a space.

Coming is the morning,
When endeth the dream,
And then shall thy likeness
In smiles on me beam.

VII.

MATERNAL JOY.

COME to my bosom, come to my heart,
Dearest of treasures, darling, thou art!

All of Life Love is—Love is Life's all,
The word I have said, I will never recall.

I fancied myself over-happy of yore,
But when was I ever so happy before.

The mother's joy—oh how great it is,
In loving the child she nourishes!

Only a mother knows—to a mother alone
What it is to love and be happy is known.

Oh, poor man! I pity him so!
The joy of a mother he never can know.

Thou art looking at me and smiling too,
Thou dearest, dearest angel thou!

Come to my bosom, come to my heart,
Dearest of treasures, darling, thou art!

VIII.

WIDOWED.

Now comes, my husband, the first pang from thee,
But it strikes deep.

Thou sleepest, heedless of my agony,
Death's last pale sleep.

I gaze around forsaken; all the worth
Of life is o'er.

I've lov'd and I have liv'd; I am henceforth
Living no more.

Into my inner world I go from this;
Let the veil fall.

There I have thee and my departed bliss;
Thou art my all!

IX.

OLD AGE.

DREAM of days departed,
When youth upon me smil'd,
Daughter of my daughter,
Thou, my lovely child,
Take, before the weary one
Rests upon her bier,
Now in life's fresh morning,
Take my blessing, dear.

Grey of hair thou seest me,
Wasted, pale and thin ;
Young like thee, and joyous,
I have also been ;
Lov'd too as thou lovest,
Once a bride like thee ;
Soon thou wilt be growing
Old and grey like me.

Time must fly, his flying
Do thou never rue ;
To thy bosom's treasure
Only be thou true.

Long ago I said it,
The word I'll not recall,
All of Life in Love is,
Love's the life of all.

As I laid my lov'd one
In his grave at rest,
Have I kept his image
Cherish'd in my breast.
Though my heart was broken,
Yet I bore the blow,
And old age's ashes
Keep the sacred glow.

Take, before the weary one
Rests upon her bier,
Now in life's fresh morning,
Take my blessing, dear.
Must thy heart be broken!
Strong in fortitude,
Be the pain of loving
Then thy highest good.

W. H. FURNESS.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

FROM SCHILLER.

KNIGHT, to love thee like a sister,
Vows this heart to thee;
Ask no other warmer feeling,—
That were pain to me.
Tranquil would I see thy coming,
Tranquil see thee go;
What that starting tear would tell me
I must never know.

He with silent anguish listens,
Though his heart-strings bleed;
Clasps her in his last embraces,
Springs upon his steed,
Summons every faithful vassal
From his Alpine home,
Binds the cross upon his bosom,
Seeks the Holy Tomb.

There full many a deed of glory
Wrought the hero's arm;
Foremost still his plumage floated
Where the foemen swarm;

Till the Moslem, terror-stricken,
Quailed before his name;
But the pang that rends his bosom
Lives at heart the same.

One long year he bears his sorrow,
But no more can bear;
Rest he seeks, but finding never,
Leaves the army there;
Sees a ship by Joppa's haven,
Which, with swelling sail,
Wafts him where his lady's breathing
Mingles with the gale.

At her father's castle portal,
Hark! his knock is heard;
See! the gloomy gate uncloses
With the thunder-word:
"She thou seek'st is veiled forever,
Is the bride of Heaven;
Yester eve the vows were plighted,—
She to God is given!"

Then his old ancestral castle
He forever flees;
Battle-steed and trusty weapon
Never more he sees.

From the Toggenburg descending,
Forth unknown he glides;
For the frame, once sheathed in iron,
Now the sackcloth hides.

There beside that hallow'd region
He hath built his bower,
Where, from out the dusky lindens,
Looked the convent tower;
Waiting from the morning's glimmer
Till the day was done,
Tranquil hope in every feature,
Sat he there alone.

Gazing upward to the convent,
Hour on hour he passed,
Watching still his lady's lattice,
Till it oped at last,—
Till that form looked forth so lovely,
Till the sweet face smiled
Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel-mild.

Then he laid him down to slumber,
Cheered by peaceful dreams,
Calmly waiting till the morning
Showed again its beams.

Thus for days he watched and waited,
Thus for years he lay,
Happy if he saw the lattice
Open day by day;—

If that form looked forth so lovely,
If the sweet face smiled
Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel-mild.
There a corse they found him sitting,
Once when day returned,
Still his pale and placid features
To the lattice turned.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE HOSTILE BROTHERS.

HEINE.

YONDER, on the mountain summit,
Lies the castle, wrapt in night;
In the valley gleam the flashes
Struck from clashing swords in fight.

Brothers they who thus in fury
Fierce encounter hand to hand;
Say, what cause could make a brother
'Gainst a brother turn his brand?

Countess Laura's beaming glances
Did the fatal feud inflame,
Kindling both with equal passion
For the fair and noble dame.

Which hath gained the fair one's favor?
Which shall win her for his bride?
Vain to seek her heart's inclining;
Draw the sword, let that decide!

Wild and desperate grows the combat,
Clashing strokes like thunder fly;
Ah! beware, ye savage warriors!
Evil powers by night are nigh.

Woe for you, ye bloody brothers!
Woe for thee, thou bloody vale!
By each other's swords expiring,
Sink the brothers, stark and pale.

Many a century has departed,
Many a race has found a tomb,
Yet from yonder rocky summits,
Frown those moss-grown towers of gloom.

And within the dreary valley
Fearful sights are seen by night;
There, as midnight strikes, the brothers
Still renew the ghastly fight.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

LORELEI.

HEINE.

I DO not know what it foretelleth,
I am so sad at heart,
My mind on a legend dwelleth,
That comes and will not depart.

The air is cool in the twilight,
And the Rhine flows smoothly on,
The peaks of the mountains sparkle
In the glow of the evening sun.

High on yon rock reclineth
A maiden strangely fair;
Her golden apparel shineth,
She combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
A song the while sings she,
All weird and wondrous is it,
And mighty the melody.

The boatman, as it comes o'er him,
It seizes with fierce delight,
He sees not the rocks before him,
His gaze is fixed on the height.

I believe in the end that the billows
O'er boatman and boat roll high;
And this with her fearful singing
Was done by the Lorelei.

W. H. FURNESS.

THE FIR-TREE AND THE PALM.

HEINE.

A LONELY fir-tree standeth
On a height where north winds blow;
It sleepeth, with whiten'd garment,
Enshrouded by ice and snow.

It dreameth of a palm-tree,
That far in the Eastern land,
Lonely and silent, mourneth
On its burning shelf of sand.

W. W. STORY.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing,
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing;
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe,
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our strength confide
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,
We tremble not at him,
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,—
No thanks to them,—abideth;
The spirit and the gift are ours,
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

F. H. HEDGE.

VANITAS.

GOETHE.

I'VE set my heart upon nothing, you see,
Hurrah!

And so the world goes well with me,
Hurrah!

And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart, at first, upon wealth,
Hurrah!

And bartered away my peace and health;
But, ah!

The slippery change went about like air;
And when I had clutched me a handful here,
Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next;
Hurrah!

For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;
But, ah!

The false one looked for a daintier lot,
The constant one tired me out and out,
The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand,
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain, old Fatherland;
But, ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should,
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,
My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame,
Hurrah!
And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And, ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry;
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war;
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat;
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame,—
And some of our friends fared quite the same,
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart on nothing, you see,

Hurrah!

And the whole wide world belongs to me.

Hurrah!

The feast begins to run low, no doubt;

But at the old cask will have one good bout;

Come, drink the lees all out.

J. S. DWIGHT.

9

G

TO COLUMBUS, DYING.

OEHLENSCHLAEGER.

Soon with thee will all be over,
Soon the voyage will be begun,
That shall bear thee to discover
Far away a land unknown;

Land, that each alone must visit,
But no tidings bring to men,
For no sailor, once departed,
Ever hath returned again.

No carved wood, no broken branches
Ever drift from that far wild;
He, who on that ocean launches,
Meets no corse of angel-child.

All is mystery before thee,
But in peace, and love, and faith,
And by hope attended, sail'st thou
Off upon the Ship of Death.

Undismayed, my noble sailor,
Spread then, spread thy canvas out;
Spirit! on a sea of ether
Soon shalt thou serenely float.

Where the deeps no plummet soundeth,
Fear no hidden breakers there,
And the fanning wings of angels
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

Quit now, full of heart and comfort,
These Azores,—they are of earth;
Where the rosy clouds are parting,
There the Blessed Isles loom forth.

Seest thou now thy San Salvádor?
Him, thy Savior, thou shalt hail,
Where no storms of earth shall reach thee,
Where thy hope shall no more fail.

W. H. FURNESS.

THE CHAPLET.

UHLAND.

A LITTLE girl, through field and wood,
Went plucking flowerets here and there
When suddenly beside her stood
A lady wondrous fair.

The lovely lady smiled, and laid
A wreath upon the maiden's brow:
"Wear it, 'twill blossom soon," she said,
"Although 'tis leafless now."

The little maiden older grew,
And wandered forth of moonlight eves,
And sighed and loved, as maids will do;
When, lo! her wreath bore leaves.

Then was our maid a wife, and hung
Upon a joyful bridegroom's bosom;
When from the garland's leaves there sprung
Fair store of blossom.

And presently a baby fair
Upon her gentle breast she reared :
When 'midst the wreath that bound her hair
Rich golden fruit appeared.

But when her love lay cold in death,
Sunk in the black and silent tomb,
All sere and withered was the wreath
That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore ;
She wore it at her dying hour ;
When, lo ! the wondrous garland bore
Both leaf, and fruit, and flower !

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

JULIUS MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Savior
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A poor bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the Savior,
Its Creator's son release.

And the Savior speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holyrood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;
 Covered quite with blood so clear,
 In the groves of pine it singeth
 Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

A MOTHER SONG.

And thou wert once a bird of song,
 A blushing virgin, young and young,
 With mother's arms and mother's love,
 And every brow that knew thy name
 Upon a bridegroom's arm was placed.
 And thou wert once a bird of song,
 The golden locks are shining now,
 The blushing cheek is pale and wan;
 The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
 All's one—in chimney corner thou
 Sit'st sighing on and over now,
 With heart as true as ever,
 A moment and thou sink'st at rest,
 To wake perhaps an angel dead,
 In the bright presence of thy Lord.
 O weary is life's path to all who love,
 Hard is the work and light the goal,
 But worth it all the reward,
 Marks of blood and holy love.

TO A VERY OLD WOMAN.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

AND thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin, warm and young,
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair
And glossy brow that knew no care,—
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan;
The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All's one,—in chimney corner thou
Sitt'st shivering on.

A moment and thou sink'st to rest!
To wake perhaps an angel blest,
In the bright presence of thy Lord.
O, weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife and light the fall,
But wondrous the reward!

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE DEAD.

KLOPSTOCK.

How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,
Here where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE SERENADE.

UHLAND.

"WHAT music is it wakens me,
And fills me with delight?
Oh, mother, see what may it be,
At this late hour of night!"

"I hear nothing, I see nothing;
Oh slumber on so mild,
There's no one singing to thee now,
My poor, my suffering child!"

"It is no music of the earth
That fills me with delight,
The angels call me with their songs;
Oh, mother dear, good night!"

W. H. FURNESS.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O thither,

Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions

Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land!

O land! O land!

For all the broken-hearted,

The mildest herald by our fate allotted,

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand

To lead us with a gentle hand

Into the land of the great Departed,—

Into the Silent Land!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! away that dream,—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave so cold and deep,
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks,—and they are wondrous fair,—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

UHLAND.

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again,
The drinking glass of crystal tall,
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light:

"This glass of flashing crystal tall,
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it: *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"T'was right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last, like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the Breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall;
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow, the butler gropes alone,
The gray-beard in the desert hall;
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A TRAGIC STORY.

CHAMISSO.

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.
Says he, "The mystery I've found;
I'll turn me round." He turned him round,
But still it hung behind him.

Then, round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain,—it mattered not a pin,—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out
He turned,—but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE KING ON THE TOWER.

UHLAND.

THE cold gray hills, they bind me around ;
The darksome valleys lie sleeping below ;
But the winds, as they pass o'er all this ground,
Bring me never a sound of woe !

O ! for all I have suffered and striven,
Care has imbittered my cup and my feast ;
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,
And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies !
I turn towards you with longing soul,
And list to the awful harmonies
Of the spheres as on they roll.

My hair is gray, and my sight nigh gone ;
My sword it rusteth upon the wall ;
Right have I spoken, and right have I done :
When shall I rest me once for all ?

O blessed rest ! O royal night !
Wherefore seemeth the time so long
Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,
And list to their loudest song.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE EVENING GOSSIP.

HEINE.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
We looked on sea and sky,
We saw the mists of evening
Come riding and rolling by.

The lights in the lighthouse window
Brighter and brighter grew,
And on the dim horizon
A ship still hung in view.

We spake of storm and shipwreck,
Of sailors, and of their life,
How they hover 'twixt sky and water,
'Twixt joy and sorrow's strife.

We spoke of coasts far distant,
We spoke of south and north,
Strange men and stranger customs,
That those wild lands send forth.

Of lands by the glancing Ganges,
The giant trees embower,
And the fair and silent creatures,
That kneel to the Lotus flower.

In Lapland are filthy people,
Flat-skulled, wide-mouthed, and small,
Who bake their fish on the embers,
And cower, and squeak, and squall.

The maidens listened earnestly;
At last the tales were ended,
The ship was gone, the dusky night
Had on our talk descended.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

NOTE.—This piece and the next have been slightly altered.

THE FERRY.

UHLAND.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried ;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought ;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

Thus, when in happy hours I dare
Turn my thoughts to days that were,
I must always dear ones mourn,
Whom from me pale Death hath torn.

Yet that is friendship's holiest union,
When soul with soul is in communion;
In spirit passed those hours delighted,
In spirit are we still united.

Take, O Boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

“AS THE SUMMER MOON SHINES
RISING.”

H E I N E.

As the summer moon shines rising
Through the dark and cloudlike trees,
So my soul 'mid shadowy memories
Still a gleaming picture sees.

All upon the deck were seated,
Proudly sailing on the Rhine;
And the shores in summer verdure
Gleamed in sunset's crimson shine.

And I rested, gently musing,
At a lovely lady's feet;
And her dear pale face was gleaming
In the sun-rays soft and fleet.

Lutes were ringing, boys were singing,
Wondrous rapture o'er me stole;
Bluer, bluer grew the Heavens,
Fuller, higher, swelled my soul.

Like a legend, wood and river,
Hill and tower before me flies,
And I see the whole, reflected,
In the lovely lady's eyes.

C. G. LELAND.

“THEY GAVE ME ADVICE.”

HEINE.

THEY gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me, more and more;
Said that I only should “wait awhile.”
Offered their patronage too, with a smile.

But with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation;
Had there not come an excellent man,
And to help me along he bravely began.

Good fellow!—he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I cannot embrace him,—though *other* folks can,
For I myself am this excellent man!

C. G. LELAND.

"WERE I A LITTLE BIRD."

FROM DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN.

WERE I a little bird,
And had two little wings,
I'd fly to thee;
But since I wish in vain
Here must I be.

Though I am far from thee,
Still I'm in dreams with thee,
And talk to thee;
But when the morning comes
I am alone.

There's no hour through the gloomy night,
But my heart with joy makes light
Still thinking of thee,
That thy heart a thousand times
Thou'st given to me!

H. H. F.

THE WATER-LILY.

GEIBEL.

THE quiet Water-lily
From the blue lake rises up,
The leaves are glistening and flashing,
And white as snow the cup.

The moon from out the heavens
Pours all her golden beams,—
Pours down into its bosom
The light in shining streams.

Around her in the water
Circles a snow-white swan;
He sings so low, so sweetly,
On the flower looking down.

He sings so low, so sweetly,
And in singing would die away;
O flower! snow-white flower!
Canst thou not rede the lay?

H. K. R.

THE THREE REALMS OF NATURE.

LESSING.

I DRINK, and drinking, plainly see
Why Nature's realm must threefold be.
Mankind and Beast both drink and love
As his desires may each one move:
Dolphin and Eagle, Dog and Fly,
Delight in love, and drink when dry.
Whatever loves, and slakes the thirst,
Is, therefore, put in realm the first.

In realm the second Plants have birth,
Not equal to the first in worth;
They love not, though they're always drinking:
For when the drizzling mists are sinking
Then drink the Cedars and the Mallows,
The gadding Grape-vine and the Aloes,—
What, therefore, drinks, but can't love too,
In realm the second meets our view.

The Minerals come in number three,
 And Sand and Diamonds here we see;
 No stone feels thirst, or soft emotions,
 It lives sans love, and sans potations.
 So what can neither love nor drink
 Down to the lowest realm must sink.
 Thus, without love, and wine all gone,
 Say, man, what art thou then?—a stone!

H. H. F.

THE GIANT'S PLAYTHING.

CHAMISSO.

IN Alsace stands Mount Niedeck,
Well known in ancient lore,
And there the Giant's castle
Was seen in days of yore ;
It now has gone to ruin,
The ground lies waste and bare,
And if you seek for giants,
You find them no more there.

The Giant's little daughter
Once stept that threshold o'er ;
No one was there to watch her,
She played before the door,
Then wandered down the mountain
Into the vale below,
What might be down below there
Most curious to know.

With two or three quick paces
She left the wood behind,
And soon she found near Haslach,
Abodes of human kind.
Trim fields she sees around her,
And towns and hamlets rise;
A world all new and wondrous
Appears before her eyes.

And now, just at her feet,
As she casts a glance around,
She sees a peasant ploughing
Before her on the ground.
The tiny creature crawls there,
And looks so very queer,
And in the sunlight glistens
The ploughshare bright and clear.

"Oh, what a pretty plaything!
I'll take it home," cried she;
And out she spreads her apron,
While down upon her knee.
Up in her hands she gathers
All that is moving there,
And heaps it in the apron,
And ties it up with care.

And then, (we all know children,)
With merry leap and shout,

She hastens to the castle
And seeks her father out.
"I've such a pretty plaything,
Oh father, father dear!
We've nothing half so charming
Upon our mountain here."

The old man sat at table,
And drank the cooling wine;
He looks upon her kindly,
And says: "Oh, daughter mine,
What's moving in your apron?
What bring you here to me?
You're leaping with delight, child!
Let's see what it may be."

With care she takes her apron,
And spreads it out, and now
Lifts up the peasant gently,
The horses and the plough;
And when upon the table
So prettily it stands,
She screams aloud with pleasure,
And laughs and claps her hands.

The old man grows quite serious,
And shakes his aged head:
'Oh, that is not a plaything,'
"Twas thus he gravely said:

"Go, put it where you found it,
Go, take it quickly, go!
The Peasant is no plaything
How could you, child, think so?

"And now, without a murmur,
Go, do as I have said,
For if there were no Peasants
What should we do for bread?
Why, out of peasant's sinews
Our giant race was wrought;
The Peasant is no plaything,
God keep us from the thought!"

In Alsace stands Mount Niedeck,
Well known in ancient lore,
And there the giant's castle
Was seen in days of yore;
It now has gone to ruin,
The ground lies waste and bare,
And if you seek for giants,
You find them no more there.

A. L. W.

THE LOTUS FLOWER.

HEINE.

THE Lotus flower pineth
Beneath day's splendor bright;
With head all bent and drooping,
Dreaming, she waits the night.

The moon, who is her lover,
Awakes her with its light;
And she lifteth to it fondly
Her lily face so white.

She blooms, and glows, and glistens,
And gazes calmly above;
She sighs, and weeps, and trembles
From love and the pain of love.

H. K.

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THE STEAM-STEED.

CHAMISSO.

QUICK! quick, my smith! come, shoe me my horse;
Whilst you delay, day is ending its course.

"Phew! how he smokes, your wonderful steed!
My worthy knight, whither with so much speed?"

Quick! quick, my smith! he who goes round the earth
From East to West, as in books is set forth;
A day,—'tis what he gets for his pains,—
The starting point reached, a day he gains.

My Steam-Steed, nought in speed can eclipse,
Time, fleet as it is, he far outstrips;
At the hour he starts to the Westward away,
He comes from the East again yesterday.

The secret of Time is found out and subdued,
And yesterday back into yesterday screwed;
And back I will screw it, from past to past,
Until I arrive at Adam at last.

The hour she bore me, strange to be said!
My mother dear I have visited;
I myself stood, with the family, by,
And listening heard my very first cry.

Thousands of times ahead of the sun,
My course round the earth already I've run,
Until to-day I have hither come
Grandfather to see as a happy bridegroom.

Grandmother is the loveliest bride
That ever these eyes have yet descried;
But he, surly fellow, and jealous moreo'er,
Without any words has shown me the door.

Quick! quick, my smith! I pray you be quick!
This age of paper, it makes me sick;
Back, through it! away! I much prefer
To visit Napoleon, the Emperor!

I'll hail him first at St. Helena,
And pay him posterity's homage there;
And then to his Coronation I'll speed,
And warn him,—Oh, might he the warning heed!

Art ready, my smith? then take, I pray,
In gold, coined one thousand nine hundred, thy pay.
To horse! hurrah! to the West am I borne,
Again to pass by here at yesterday's dawn!

"My knight, O my knight, since whither we go
You thence have just come, pray tell us more, do,—
The stocks, that at present fluctuate so,—
Do say, up or down? which way will they go?

"A word, just a word, *entre nous!*
Is't wise to trust Rothschild? say, will it do?"
But already the spring by the rider was prest,
And vanished the Steam-Steed far in the West.

W. H. FURNESS.

THE SUMMONS.

RUECKERT.

Is it the brass-mouthed clarion screaming so,
To rouse the warrior from his tented bed?
Is it the solemn trump God's angels blow,
Whose clang unbolts the tomb and wakes the dead?
O, no! it is the early cock, whose crow
Shakes the gold mists of slumber from my head.
And, like the battle-trump,—the judgment-morning,—
Of a new day, whose night is hid, gives warning.

Herald of light! admonisher, whose call
Shook the frail heart that dared deny its Lord!
So, to this day, when leaden slumbers fall
On souls whose sensual passions choke the word,
'Tis thy bold, faithful voice that lifts the pall
Of self-oblivion, thou shrill-throated bird!
Startling the guilty soul, and rousing all
Spirits of life, that with a shudder, scorning
Dark self-deceit, expect the eternal morning.

Dash down yon dizzying cup of earthly lust,
Filled with the brown and poisonous juice of sleep,
And go thou forth, and, armed with better trust
Than thine own strength, climb duty's rugged steep.
Fear not!—high Heaven's right arm protects the just;—
Faint not!—whate'er thou sowest thou shalt reap.
Warrior of God, I heed the solemn warning,
And a glad day succeeds the dreariest morning.

C. T. BROOKS.

THE FOUR WAYS.

RUECKERT.

BEFORE the Sultan's throne appears
The Mewlana, with lowly brow.
"Thy wisdom's fame hath reached mine ears,
Then answer me one question now:
Four several sects, well knowest thou,
My faithful Mussulmans divide;
Without delay, then, tell me now
With which doth Allah's favor side?
By which of these four pathways, say,
Shall dust attain to Allah's throne?
In doubt I've waited till to-day;
Now let the certainty be known."
Thus spake the Sultan and was dumb.
The Mewlana gazed silently
A moment round the audience-room,
And then he said, with bended knee:—
"Thou in whose smile thy faithful race
The light of Heaven reflected see,

Protect me with thy shield of grace,
Then shall my answer be to thee:
Thou sitt'st enthroned here in a hall,
To which four doors thy slaves admit,
And all thy splendor beams on all,
By whichsoe'er they enter it.
That I did not mistake the way,
Thy messenger the praise must claim,
And, dazzled by the bright array,
I know not now which way I came."

C. T. BROOKS.

“PURE SAPPHIRES ARE THOSE
EYES OF THINE.”

HEINE.

PURE sapphires are those eyes of thine,
The loveliest, the sweetest!
Oh three times happy is the man
Whom with those eyes thou greetest!

A diamond is that heart of thine,
A noble splendor showing!
O three times happy is the man
For whom it's fondly glowing.

And rubies are those lips of thine,
All others far excelling!
O three times happy is the man,
To whom thy love they're telling.

If I but knew that happy man,
And could I him discover,
All, all alone in some green wood,
His bliss would soon be over.

THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

UHLAND.

OF a garden of beautiful roses
I'll tell you about in singing,
Where ladies strolled in the morning,
And swords were at evening ringing

"My lord is king in the land,
I rule in the garden of roses;
On his head is a golden crown,
And on mine a wreath reposes.

"Now listen, ye three young gallants!
Ye warders of mine so dear,
Let in all lovely young maidens,
But let no knight come here.

"They would cause me such bitter sorrow;
They would ruin my beautiful bowers."
Thus, as she left in the morning,
Spoke the lovely Queen of the flowers.

So before the door right faithfully
The warders three kept moving;
The roses in fragrant silence
Looked forth with glances loving.

There came that way all so modest
Three maidens of lovely mien:
"Ah, warders! ye dear, three warders!
To the garden let us in."

As the maidens roses were plucking,
Each one of the other demands:
"Why are my fingers bleeding?
Have the roses pricked my hands?"

Still before the door right faithfully
The warders three kept moving;
The roses in fragrant silence
Looked forth with glances loving.

Then came by that way on chargers
Three knights in surly pride:
"Ho, warders! ye vile, three warders!
Throw open the portal wide!"

"Our swords they are unsheathed!
The gates we'll not uncloset!
For costly are the roses.
A wound is the price of each rose."

Then struggled the Ritters and warders,
All crushed lay the roses cherished,
The Ritters the victory gaining,
With the roses the warders perished.

And so when it came evening
Came the lady Queen again :
"And are my roses all trampled?
And my youths so faithful slain?"

"Then on a bed of roses
I will lay them in the ground ;
Where once was a garden of roses
Shall a garden of lilies be found.

"Now whom shall I find so faithful,
To guard my lilies white?
By day the loving sunshine,
And the moon and the stars by night."

H. K. R.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

UHLAND.

A SMITH was standing in his booth,
'Mid pearls and jewels fine:
"The brightest jewel here, in truth,
Art thou to me, Helena,
O dearest daughter mine!"

A gallant knight there entered, with—
"Welcome, thou maiden fair,
And welcome thou, my trusty smith;
Make me a wreath, I pray thee,
For my sweet bride to wear."

And when the costly crown was wrought,
And in rich brilliance shone,
Then Helen, filled with sadness, thought,
As on her arm she hung it,
While seated all alone:

“ Ah, happy she, upon whose brow
This brilliant wreath will shine !
Ah, would that knight on me bestow
A wreath of roses only,
What joy would then be mine !”

Ere long returned that gallant knight,
And well the wreath he scanned :
“ A ring with sparkling diamonds bright,
My trusty goldsmith, make me
For my fair maiden's hand.”

And when the costly ring was wrought,
With many a brilliant stone,
Fair Helen, filled with saddest thought,
Half drew it on her finger,
While seated all alone :

“ Ah, happy she, whose finger fair
With this bright ring shall shine !
If but one curl of his dear hair
That gallant knight would give me,
What joy would then be mine !”

Again the knight returned, and now
The ring likewise he scanned :
“ Ah well, my trusty smith, hast thou
These bright adornments fashioned,
For that dear head and hand.

“ Yet how they suit that I may see,
 Prithee, fair maiden, now
 Come hither, let me try on thee
 These jewels for my darling,—
 She is as fair as thou.”

It was a Sunday morning fair,
 And therefore this sweet maid
 Was for the day, with reverent care,
 As she to church was going,
 All festally arrayed.

She came with lovely shame aglow,
 Before the knight to stand;
 He placed the wreath upon her brow,
 The ring upon her finger,
 And then he took her hand:

“ Helena sweet, Helena fair,
 The jest aside be laid;
 Thou art the bride, of all most dear,
 For whom this golden chaplet,
 For whom this ring was made,

“ ’Mid gold, and pearls, and jewels fine,
 Thy years have past till now;
 And this to thee shall be the sign
 That thou, all high in honor,
 Through life with me shalt go.”

THE COURSE OF THINGS.

UHLAND.

ON every evening forth I roam,
And o'er the meadow hie,
She sees me from her cottage home,
It stands the road hard by.
We no appointment ever make,—
It is the course things always take.

I know not how it happens thus,
We always kiss,—we two;
I ask her not, she says not: "Yes,"
Nor says she ever: "No!"
When lip with lip would fain unite,
There's no demur,—it seems all right.

The zephyr round the rose may breathe,
It asks not: "Lov'st me, dear?"
The rose may in the pure dew bathe,
And no refusal fear.

I'm fond of her, she's fond of me,
Yet neither says: "I'm fond of thee!"

W. H. FURNESS.

RESOLUTION.

UHLAND.

SHE will visit this still scene of nature,
I'll try it to-day, bold and calm.
Why tremble before the dear creature?
Not a soul upon earth would she harm.

They all are so ready to greet her,
She comes, and my heart in me dies;
To the beautiful star, when I meet her,
I dare not lift even my eyes.

The flowers, they all bow before her,
The birds, too, that merrily sing,
They may show that they all adore her;
Poor me! I can do no such thing.

Night after night all my sorrow
I pour out to Heaven above;
Yet courage I never could borrow,
To tell her one word of my love.

This way she soon will be walking,
I'll station me under this tree,
And, as if to myself I were talking,
Tell aloud all that she is to me.

I will,—but how my heart flushes!
She's coming! Oh, where shall I fly!
I'll hide myself under these bushes,
And then I shall see her pass by!

W. H. FURNESS.

ROMANCE OF TOM THUMB.

UHLAND.

LITTLE Thumbling! Little Thumbling!
Everywhere thy fame resoundeth;
The very baby in the cradle
The story of thy deeds astoundeth.
Oh, what eye can keep from weeping,
When through the forest thou art creeping,
And the hungry wolves are howling,
And the awful thunder's rolling!
Through all hearts what fear is stealing
When all in the Giant's dwelling,
And thy blood the Ogre smelling,
To thy bed his way is feeling!
Thyself and brothers, big and handsome,
Thou from cruel death didst ransom,
The Giant's bloody plan deranging,—
Cunningly the seven nightcaps
For the seven crowns exchanging!

When the giant lay a-snoring,
Till he set the woods a-roaring,
Those wondrous boots,—how thou didst steal 'em,
So softly, that he didn't feel 'em!
Then, when the king was prest so sorely,
Thou didst run his errands surely;
And the king, his lovely daughter
Gave to thee, though so much shorter!
Little Thumbling! Little Thumbling!
All the world his fame has learnèd,
With his seven-league boots already
Through many ages has he journeyed.

W. H. FURNESS.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

UHLAND.

HIGH upon the rocks so rugged,
Smokes in ruins Autafort,
And its master, now in fetters,
To the royal tent is brought.
“Com’st thou, who with sword and singing,
War hast stirred from place to place?
Who my children hast inveigled
From their royal father’s face?

“Standest thou there, who so often
Hast thrown out the idle vaunt,
That in all thy perils never
Thou but half thy wit didst want?
But the half will not suffice thee,
All thy wit is needed now,
To build again thy castle for thee,
And to break thy chains in two!”

“As thou sayest, my liege and sire,
Standeth here Bertrand de Born,
Who with a song hath set on fire
Perigord and Ventadorn,
Who hath been unto his master,
Ever in his eye a thorn,
For love of whom thy royal children
Braved their father's wrath and scorn.

“Festally arrayed thy daughter
Sate, a duke's bride, high and fair,
And a song that I had taught him,
Sang to her my messenger;
Sang, how by her poet's love-songs
Proud she once was to be wooed,
Until her glittering bridal jewels
By her tears were all bedewed.

“From the olive's sleepy shadow
Started up thy son most dear,
When my fiery songs of battle
Had been thundered in his ear;
Quickly was his war-horse harnessed,
And his banner on I bore,
Where the fatal arrow struck him,
And Mountfort's gate he fell before.

“Bleeding lay he on my bosom,
Not the sharp, the deadly steel,

But the dread curse of his father,
That did he in dying feel.
His right hand he yearned to reach thee,
Sea and vale and mountain o'er,
But as thine he could not grasp then,
Dying, pressed he mine once more.

“Then, like Autafort above there,
Fell in ruins all my craft;
Not the half, the whole has left me,
I have neither string nor shaft.
Easily the arm is fettered
When the spirit drags a chain,
Only funeral songs of mourning
Will it ever breathe again.”

Bowed the king his head, exclaiming,
“Thou hast led my son astray,
Hast my daughter's heart enchanted,
Mine too thou hast touched this day.
Friend of the dead! this hand I give thee,
Which to thee my son bequeathes;
Off those fetters! Take my pardon!
Through my heart thy spirit breathes.”

W. H. FURNESS.

TRAVELLING.

UHLAND.

TRAVEL, friends, and must I travel,
To refresh this weary heart?
From this narrow work-day circle
You would have me then depart?
And yet do I more deeply even
Into home's recesses shrink,
Feeling, to my home devoted,
Freer, richer, than you think.

These dear roads are always novel,
And this dear-loved valley too
And the old long-trodden bridges
Always touch my heart anew.
Oft, when to myself I've said it,
That the path was lone and drear,
Instantly there flitted past me,
At broad noon day, shadows dear.

When the sun is hence departing,
Still my spirit knows no rest,
Seeking with him o'er the mountains
Fabled islands of the blest.
When the stars are all emerging,
Then my soul is all abroad,
And in ever deeper distance
I pursue the paths of God.

Old and new, all youthful dreamings,
Things to be and things that were,
Heavenly spaces, deep and shoreless,
Hourly open to me here.
Therefore, friends, ah, yes! I'll travel,
Tell me, whither shall I roam?
There is all too much excitement
In the quiet of my home.

W. H. FURNESS.

TO MY MOTHER.

UHLAND.

A GRAVE, O mother, is for thee all made,
A welcome spot, as thou hast ever found it,
There rests upon it a soft native shade,
And flowers are not wanting all around it.

There, incorruptible, shalt thou be hid,
With every trace of peace and pain interred;
To live again too, thou art not forbid;
My heart's that grave, and there shalt thou be buried.

W. H. FURNESS.

KING POET

GEIBEL.

THE Poet stands with his magic wand,
On his cloudy mountain throne,
And looks far down on sea and land,
And abroad upon every zone.

And for his songs, both far and wide,
He seeks the rarest adorning;
And with him their treasures gladly divide
The lands of Evening and Morning.

He bids by the fountain's golden sheen
'The palms of Arabia rustle;
He bids 'neath the linden's leafy green,
The German violet nestle.

Its sacred chalice the glowing rose
Unfolds at his nod of power;
From azure fields, with greeting glows
The moon on the Lotus flower.

He plunges down in the gloomy mine,
And dives 'neath the Ocean's billow
And seeks the ruby's ruddy shine,
And pearls on their rocky pillow.

The swan he giveth speech and song,
Inspires the nightingale's grieving,
And hues that to eve and to morn belong
In his song is gorgeously weaving.

The sea that roars on distant coasts,
He bids through his song keep rolling;
Aye, sun and moon, and starry hosts
From the dome of Heaven calling.

And his commands all worlds obey;
Him as their king they greet;
Yet all his kingdom will he lay
Down at the loved one's feet.

H. H. F.

THE END.

The plumes down in the gloomy vale
 And dives beneath the Ocean's billow
 And seeks the top's rocky shine
 And harks on their rocky pillow.

The even he gives speech and song
 In the night's twilight's glowing
 And here this is eve and to-morrow
 Is his song is gorgeous, weaving.

The sea is on the ocean's coast
 The light through the song keep rolling
 Aye, and the moon, and every hour
 From the heart of Heaven calling.

And the world is all worlds of light
 The world is all worlds of light
 The world is all worlds of light
 Down at the loved one's feet.

THE END

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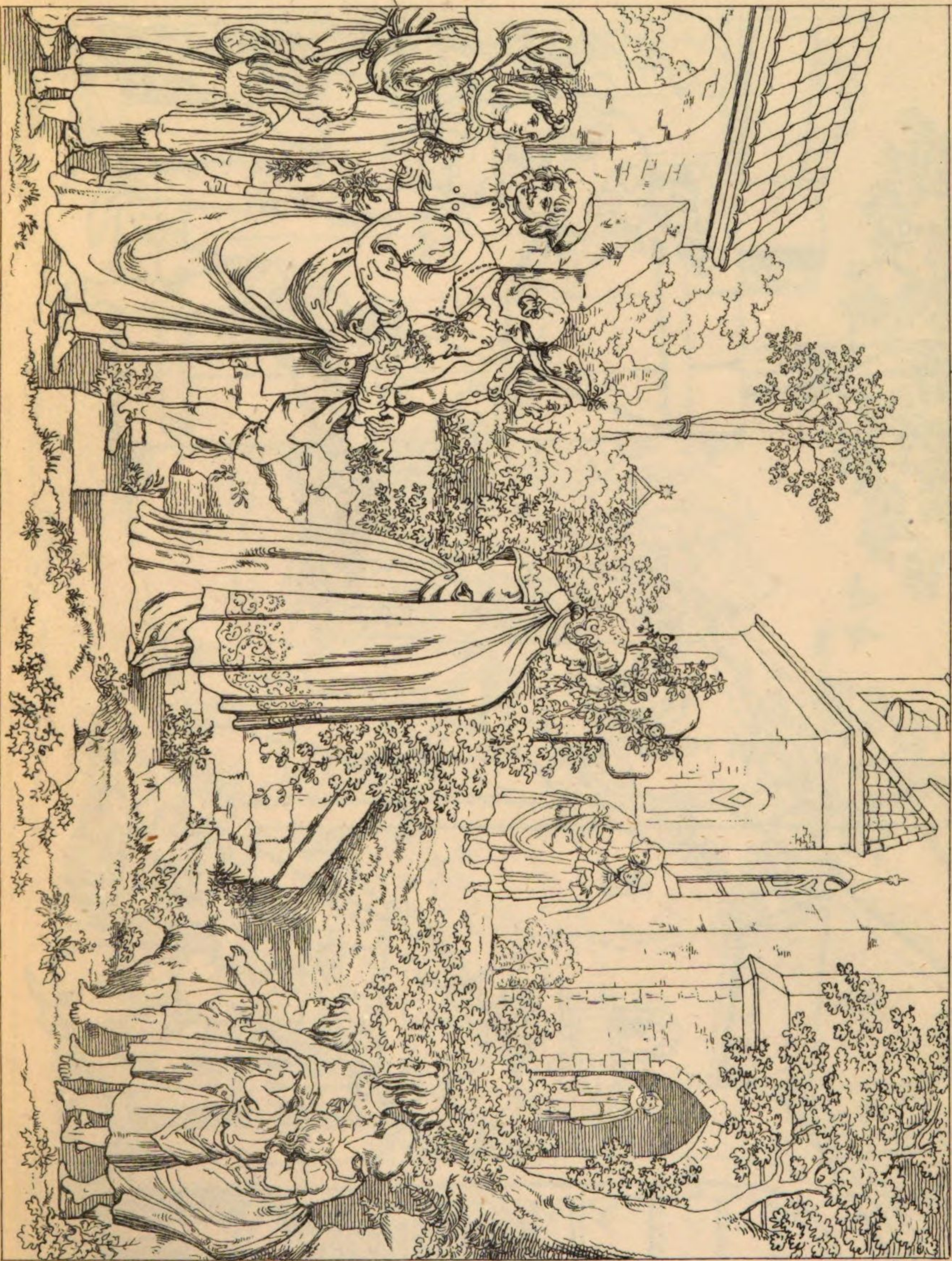
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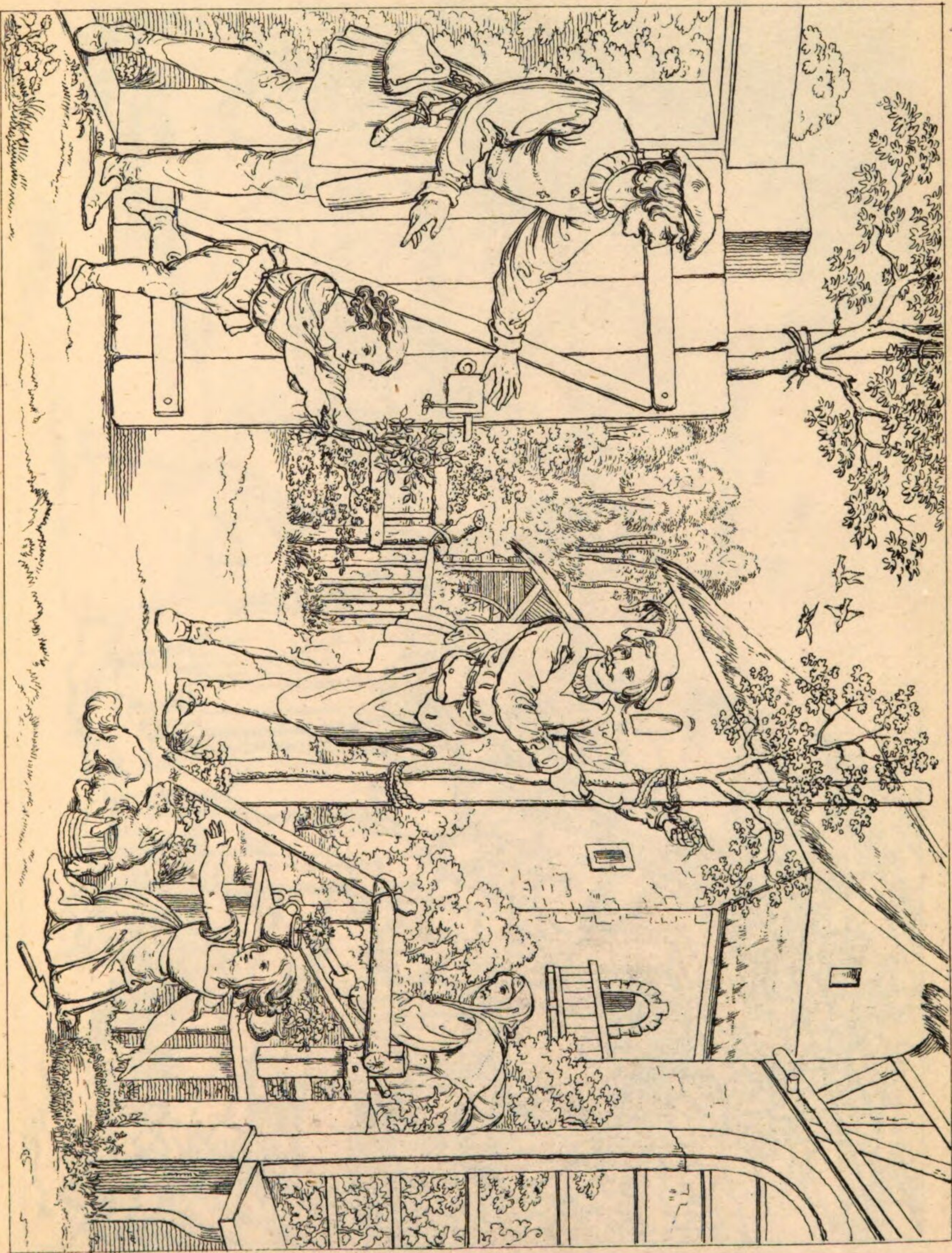
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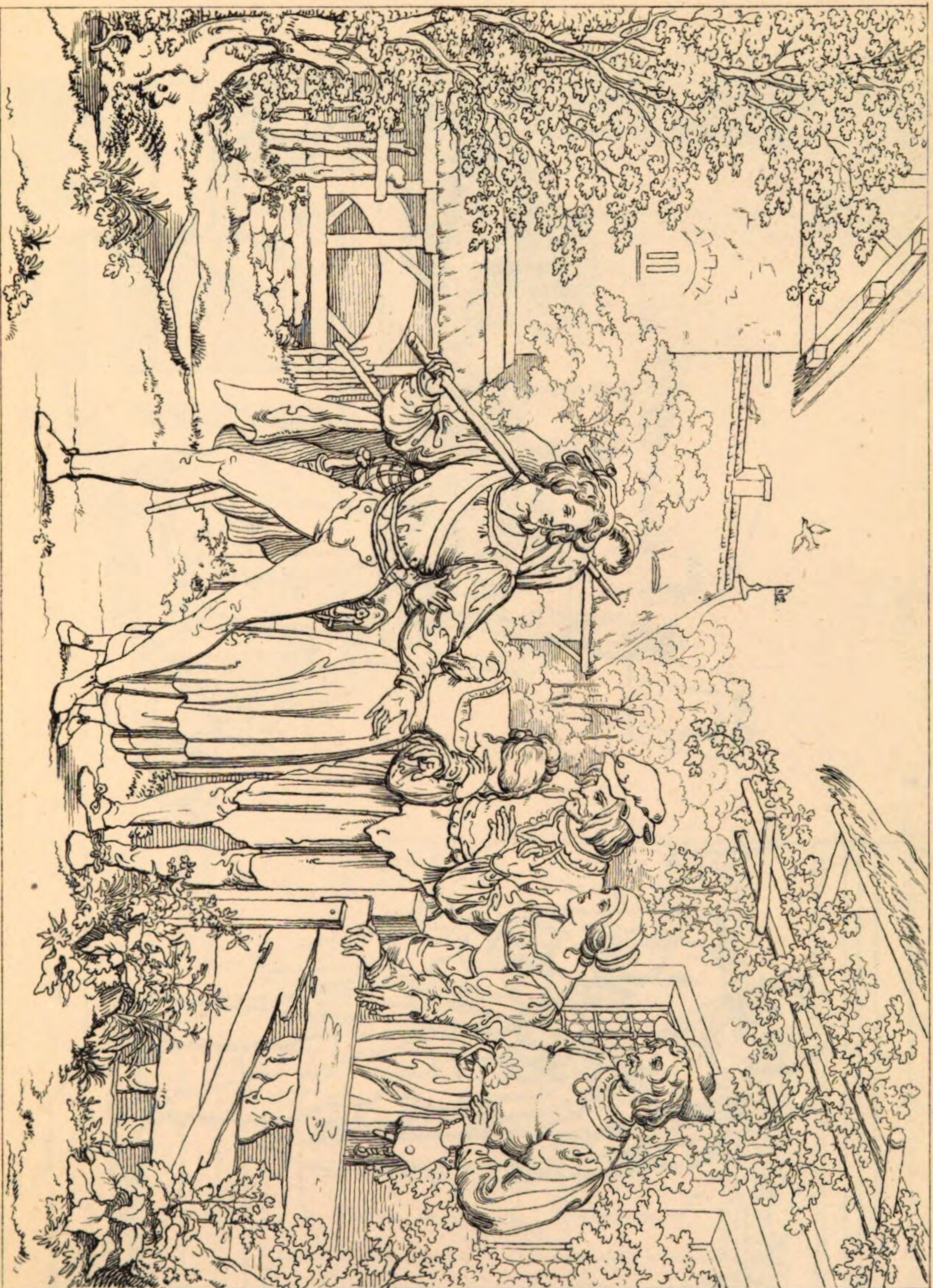
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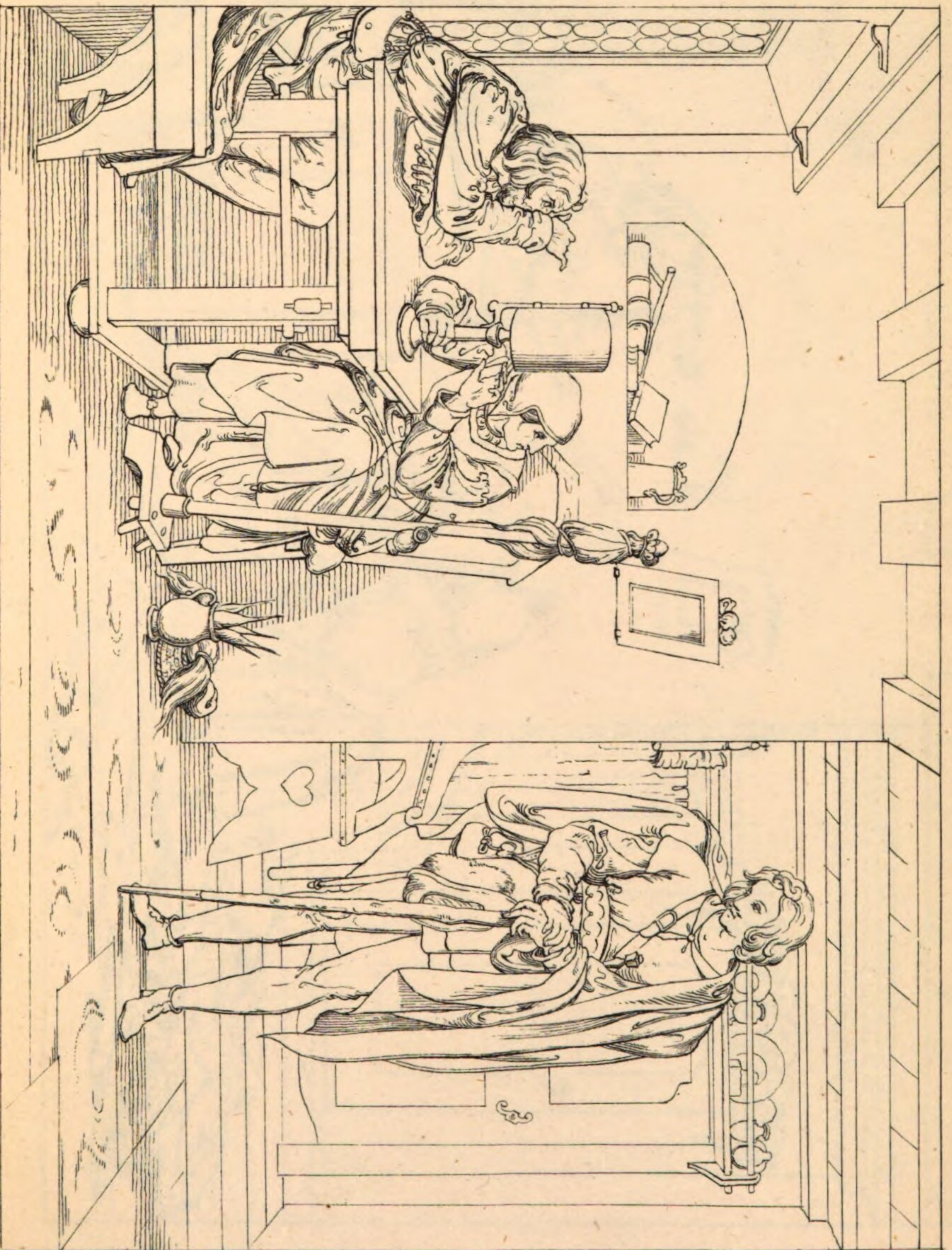
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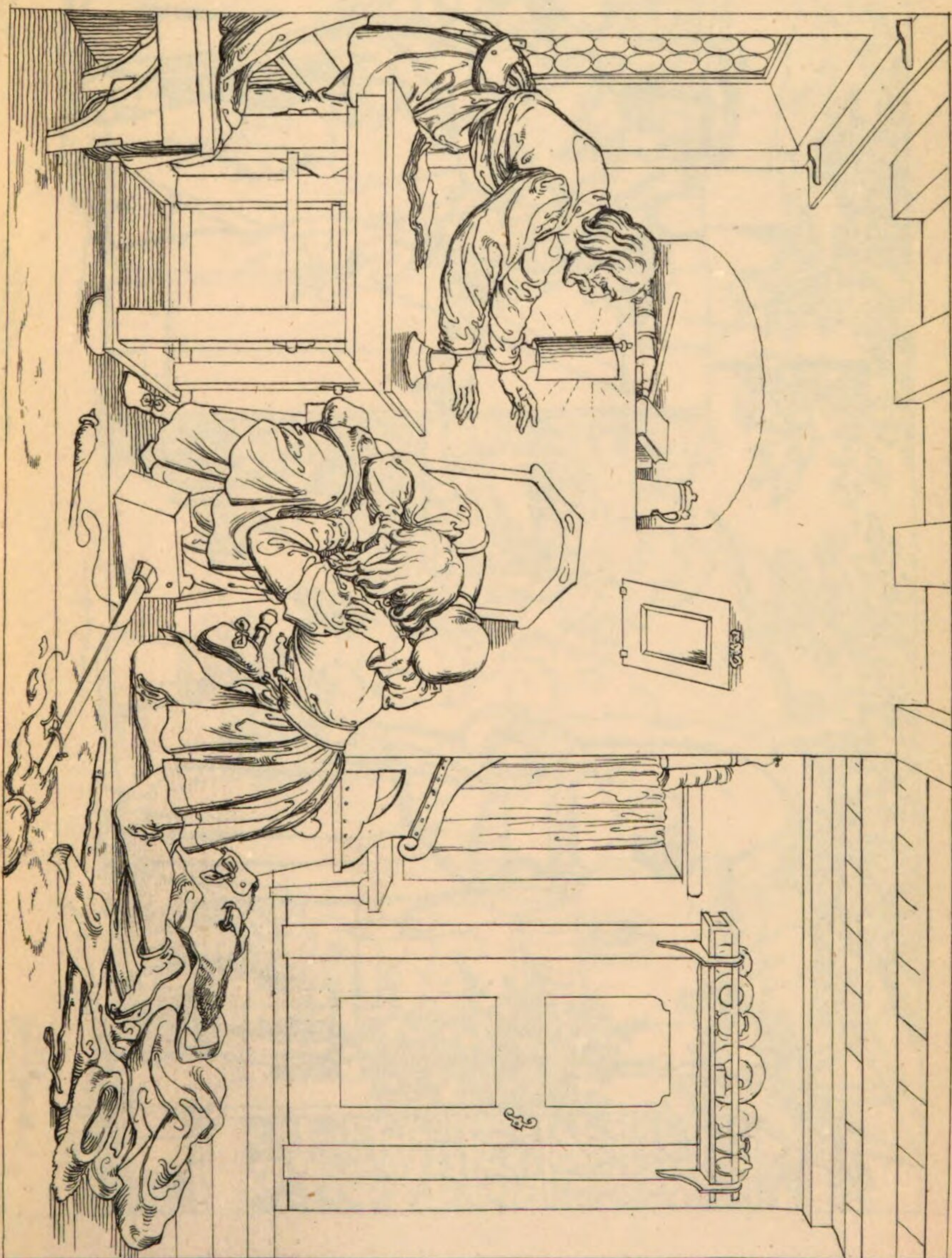
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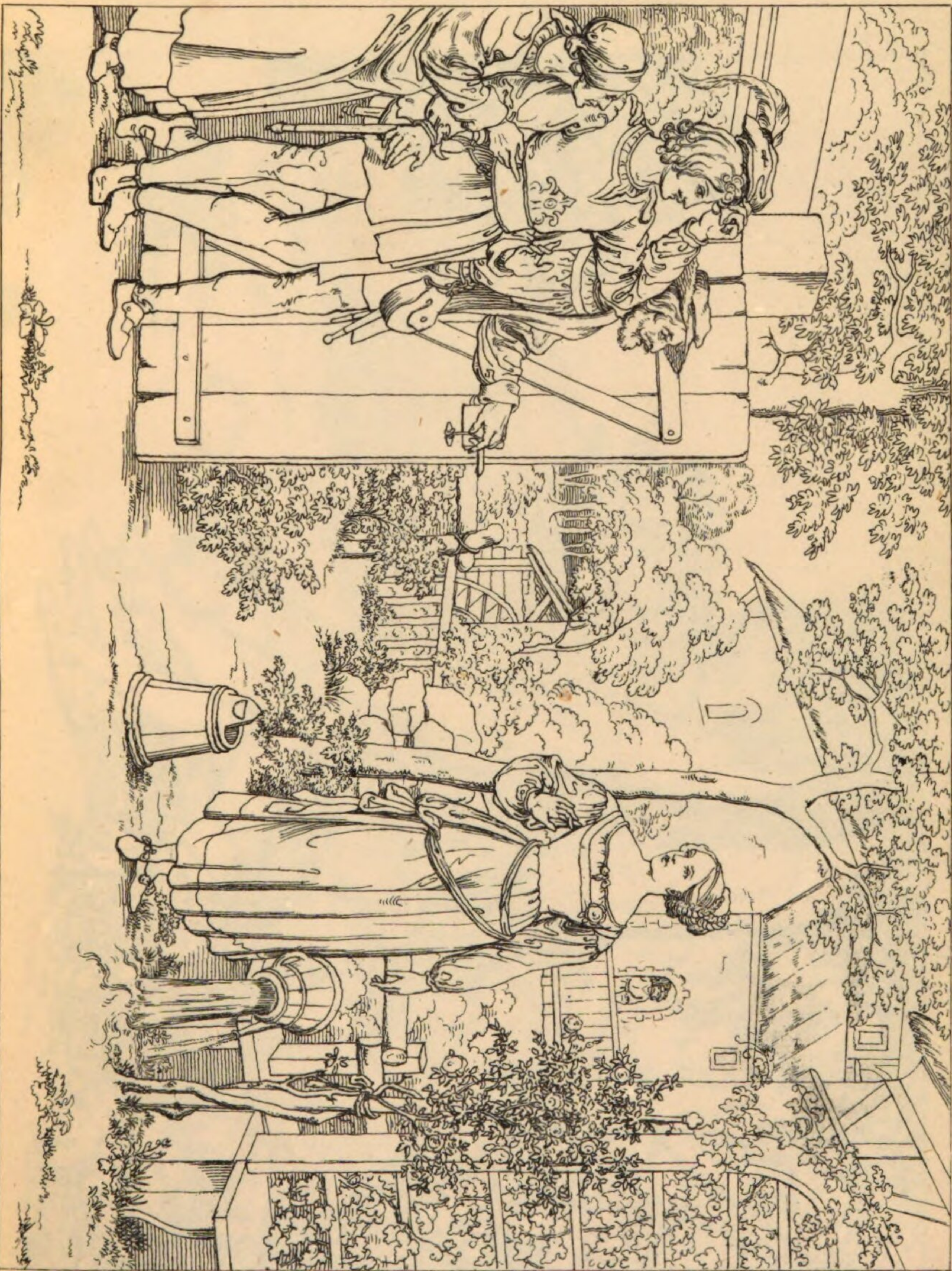




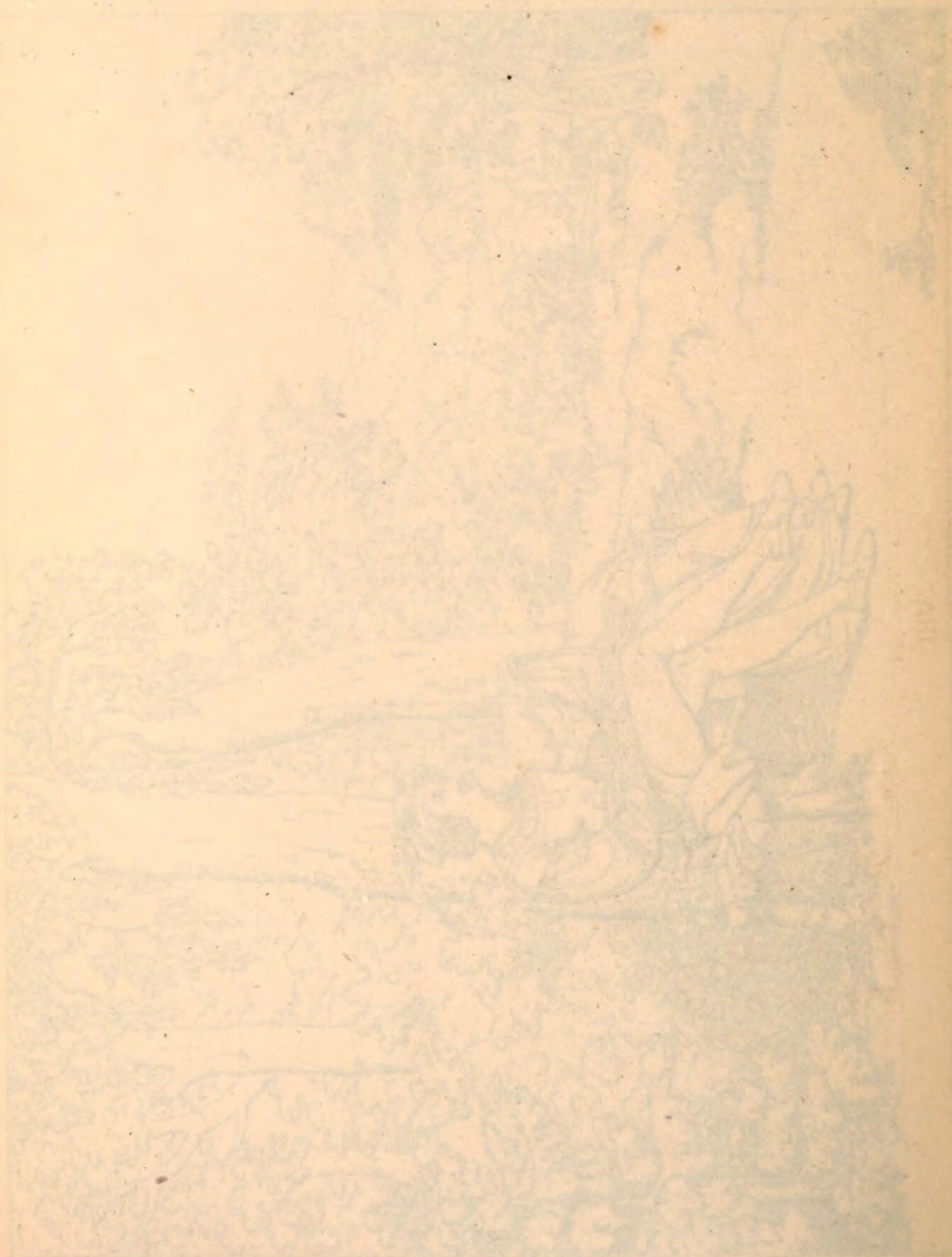


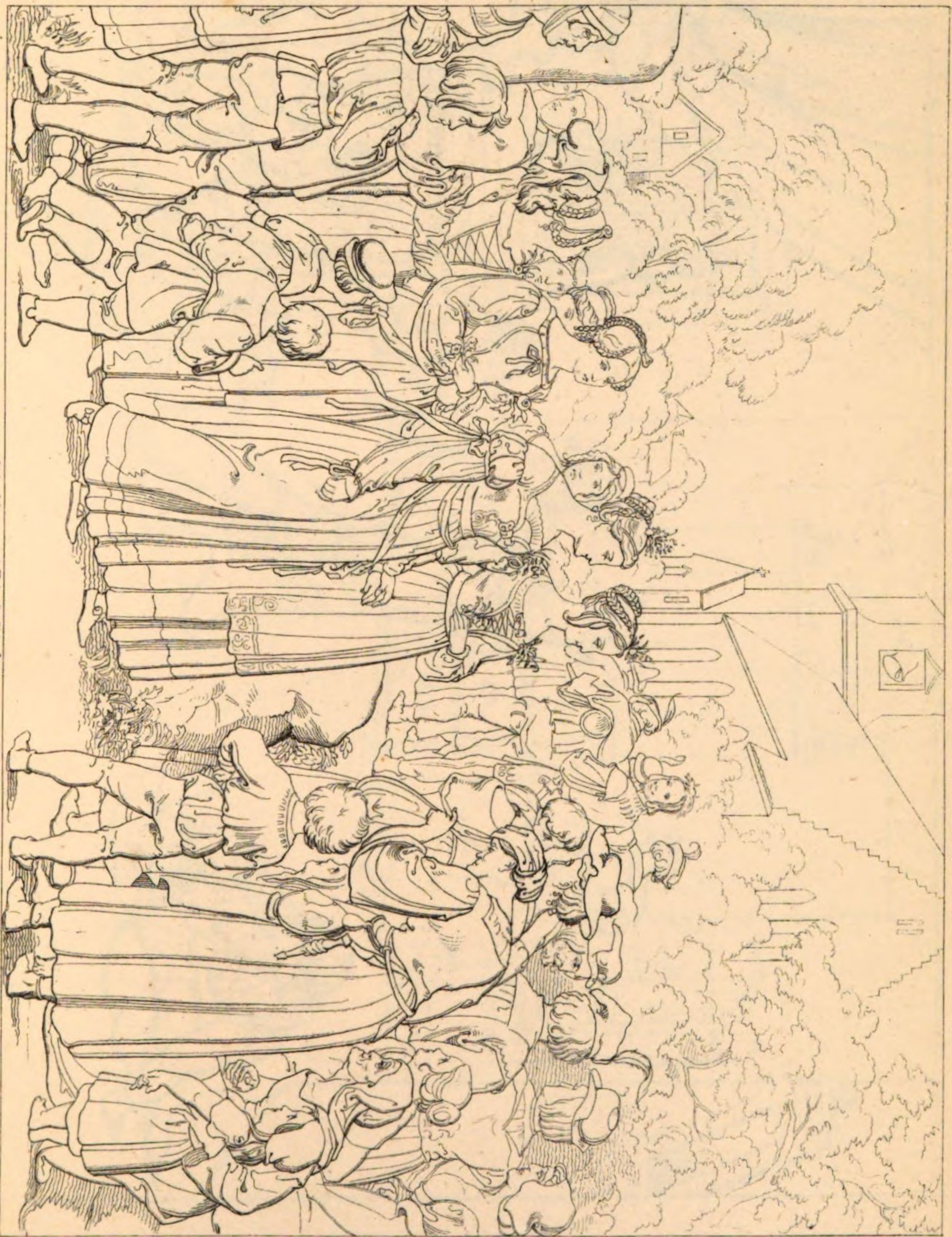




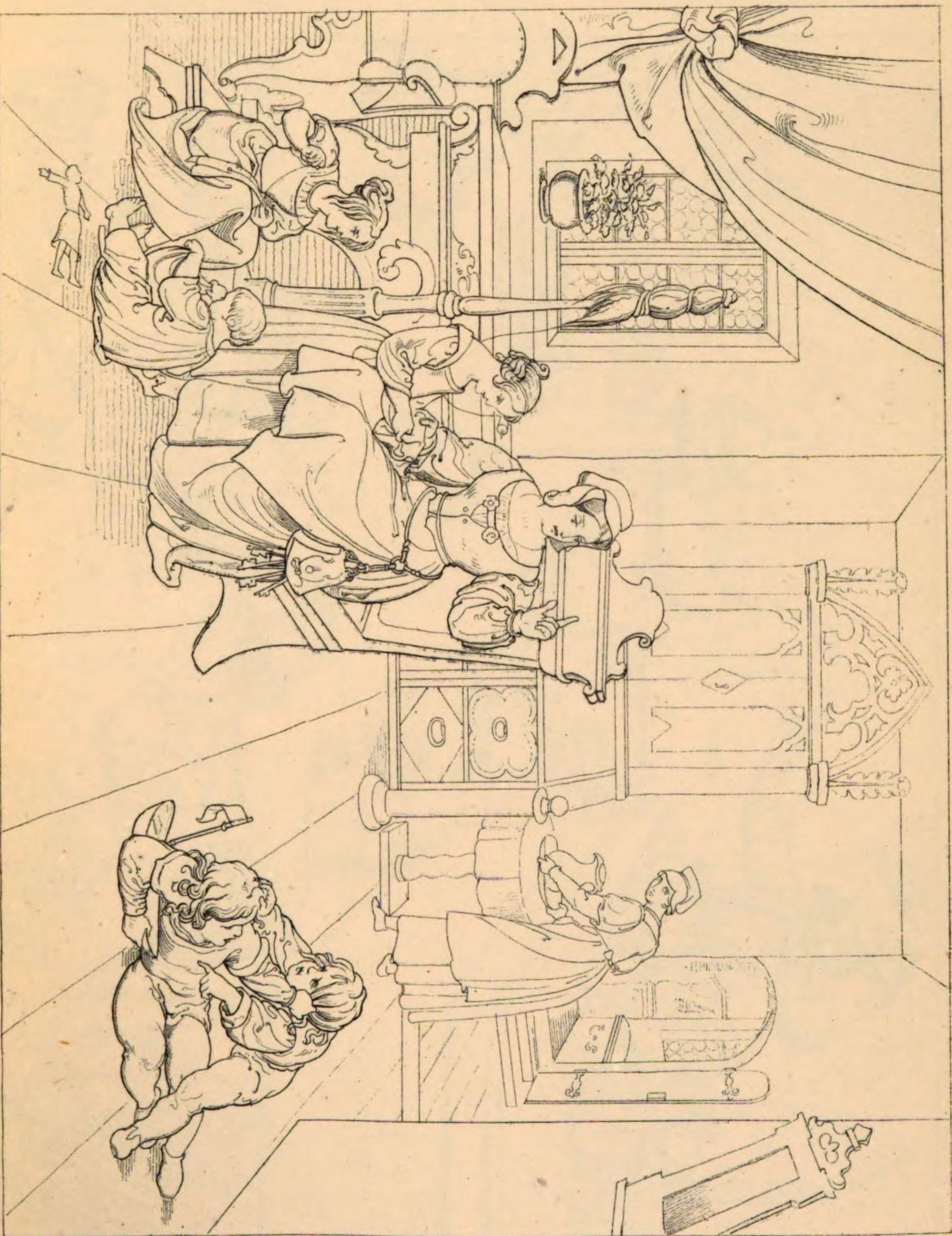




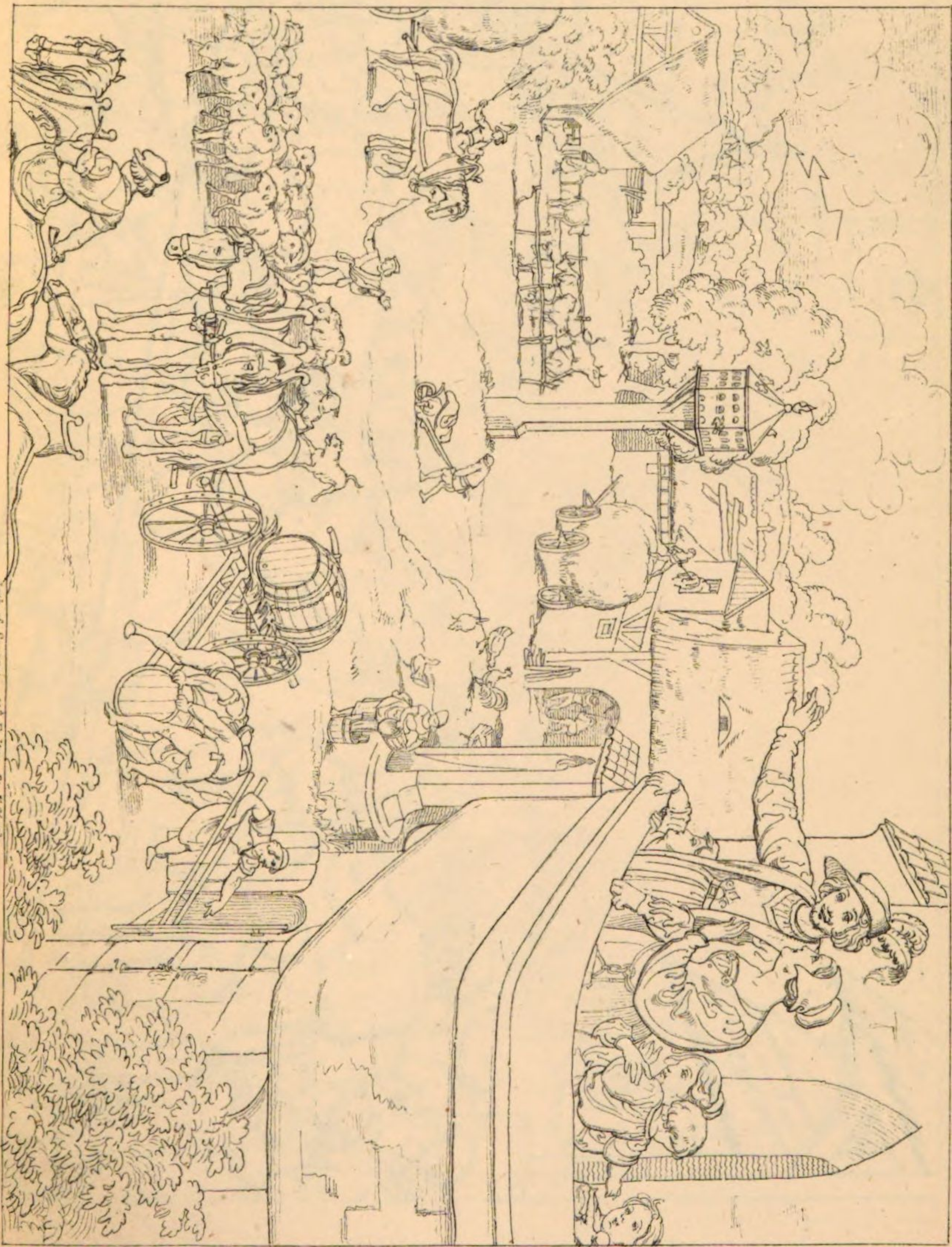




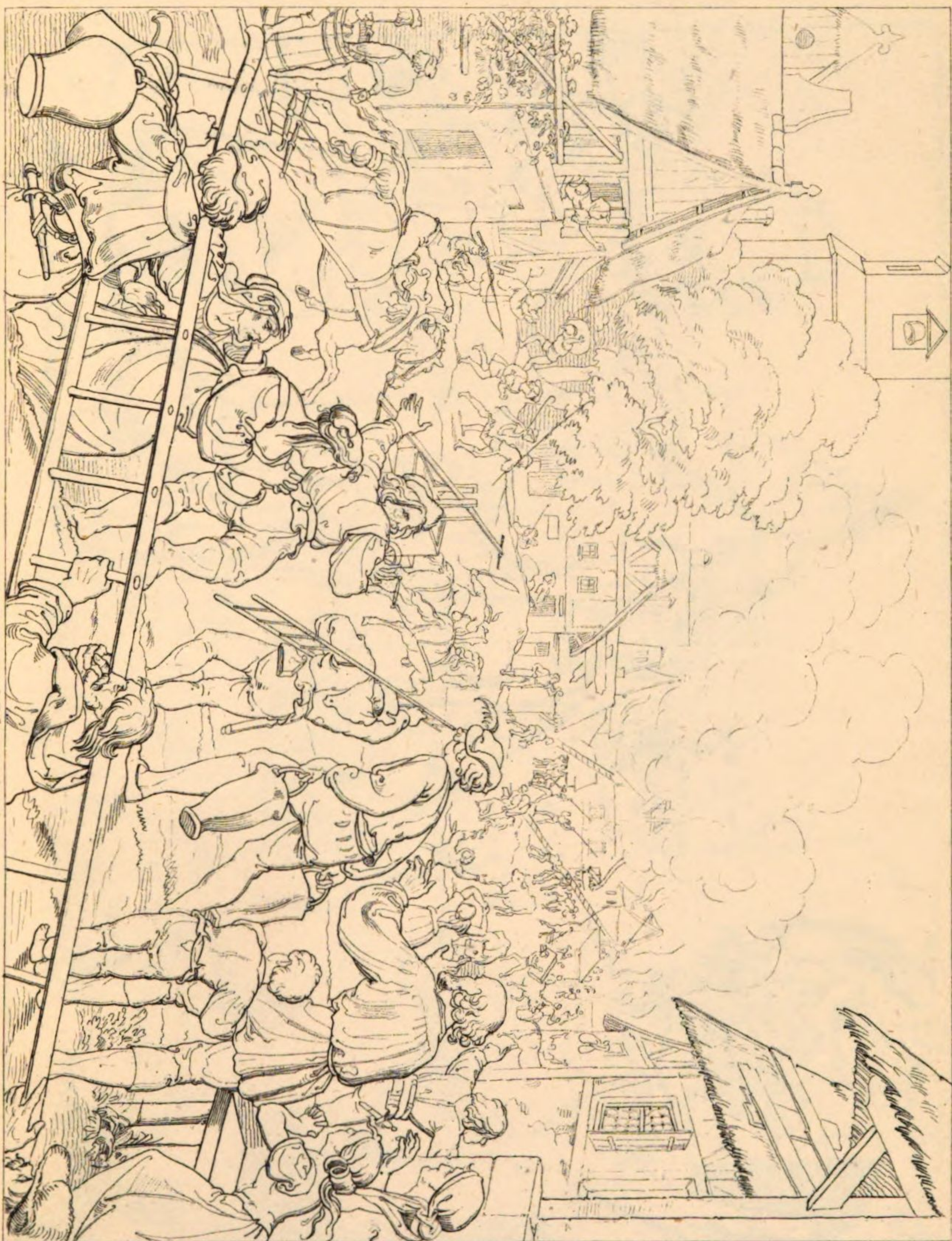
Lith. of Sewing 117 Fulton St. N. York.



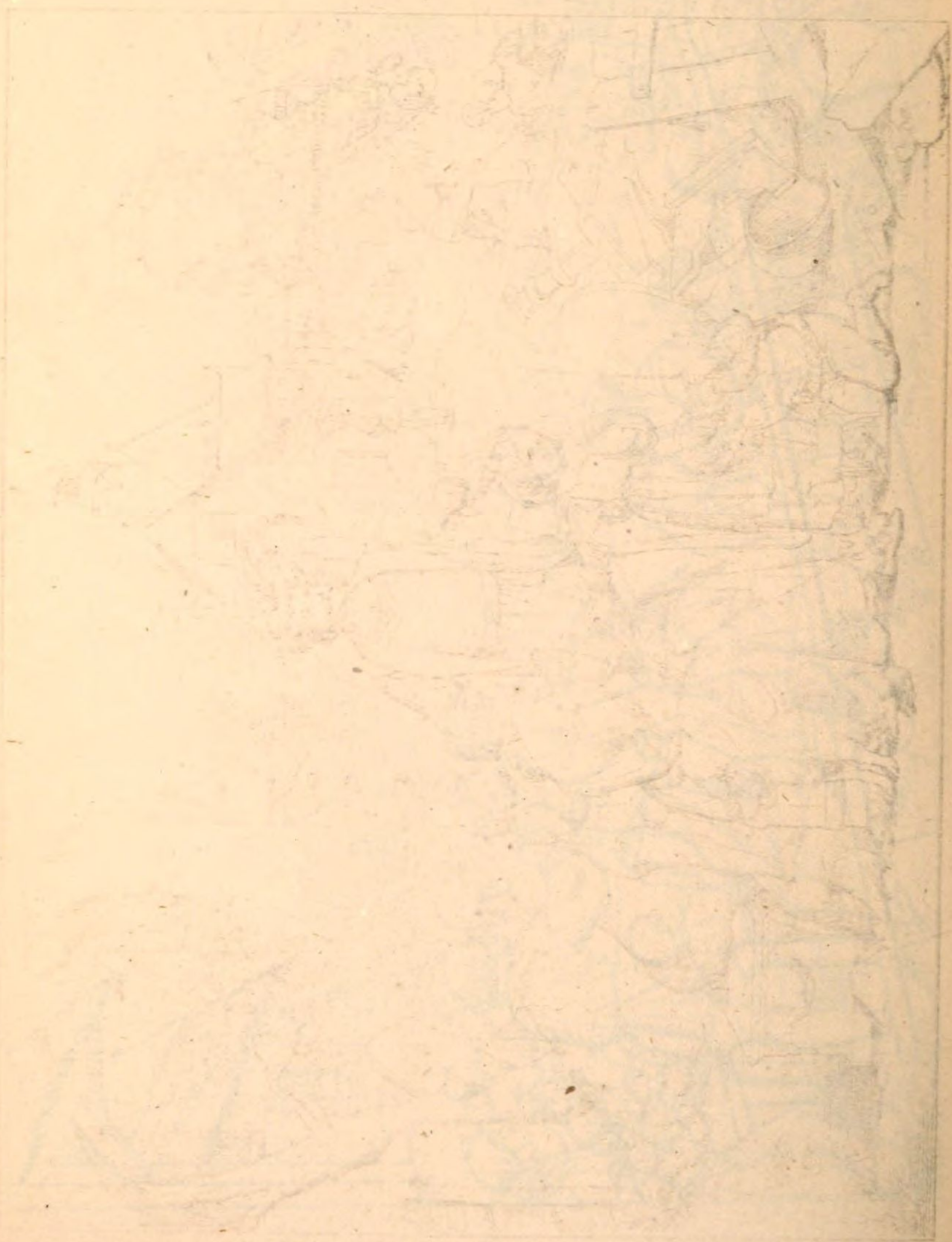
Interior of a 17th Century House, N. York.

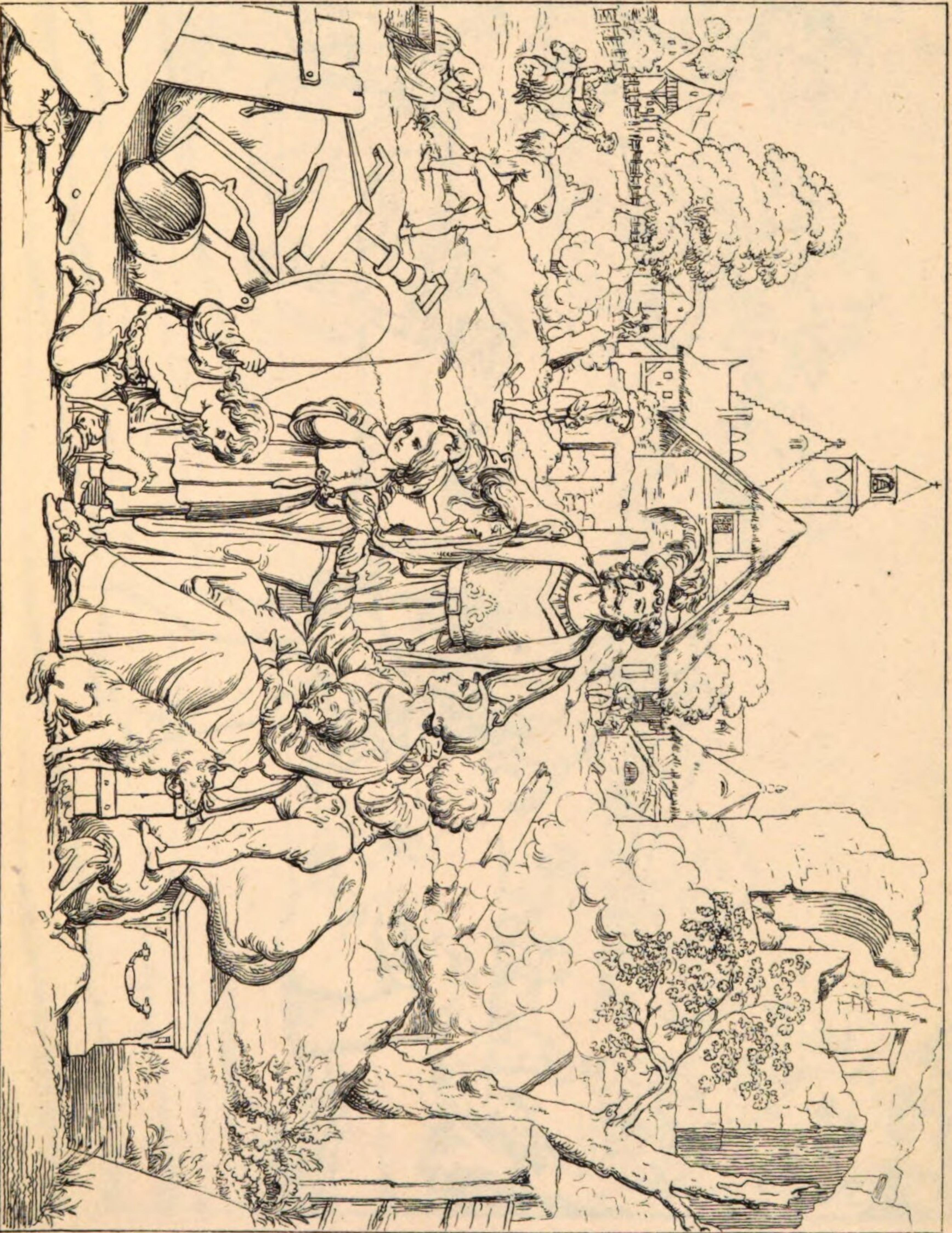


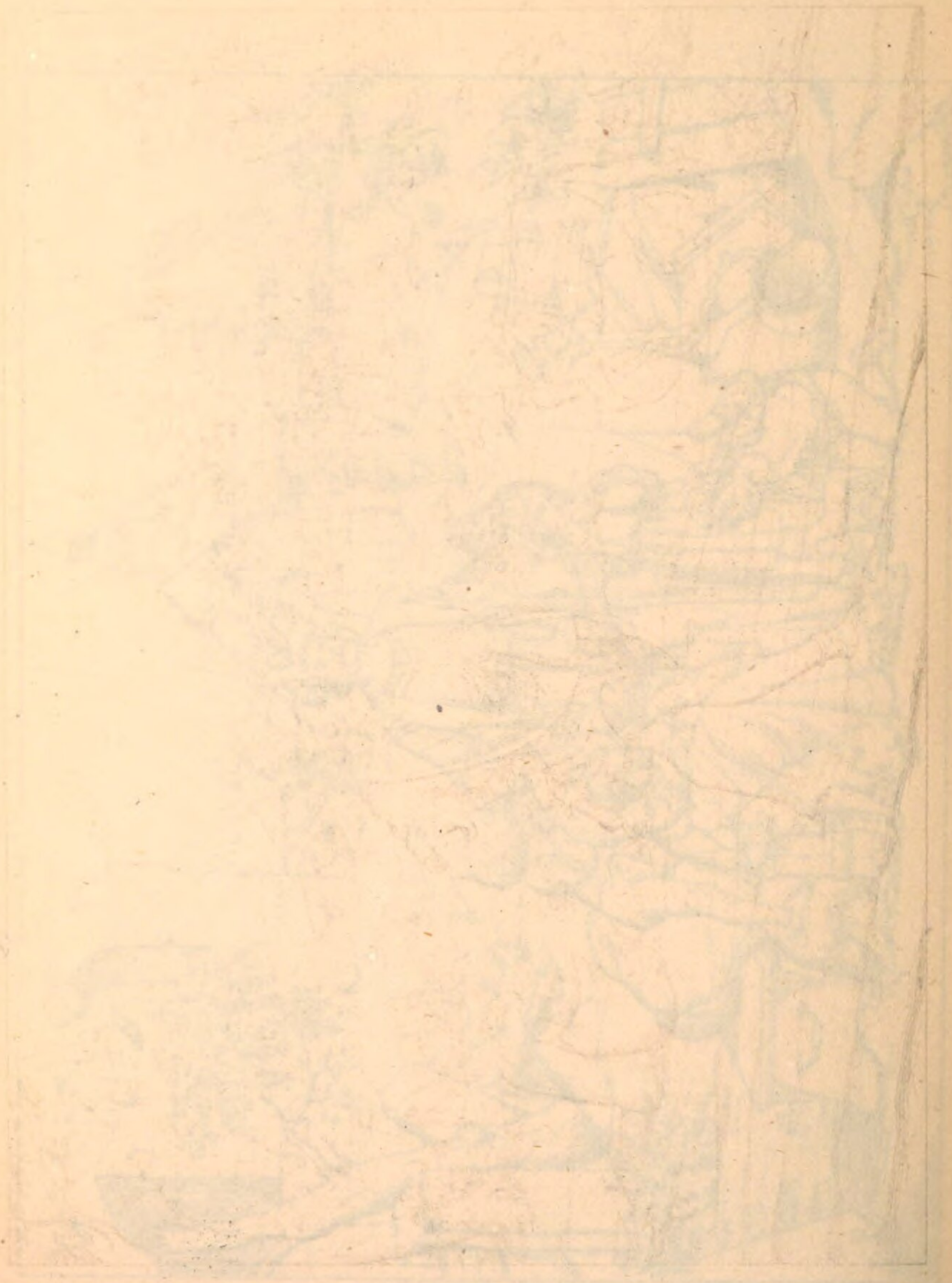
View of Savoy 117 Fulton St. N York



Engraving by J. W. P. 117 Fulton St. N. York.

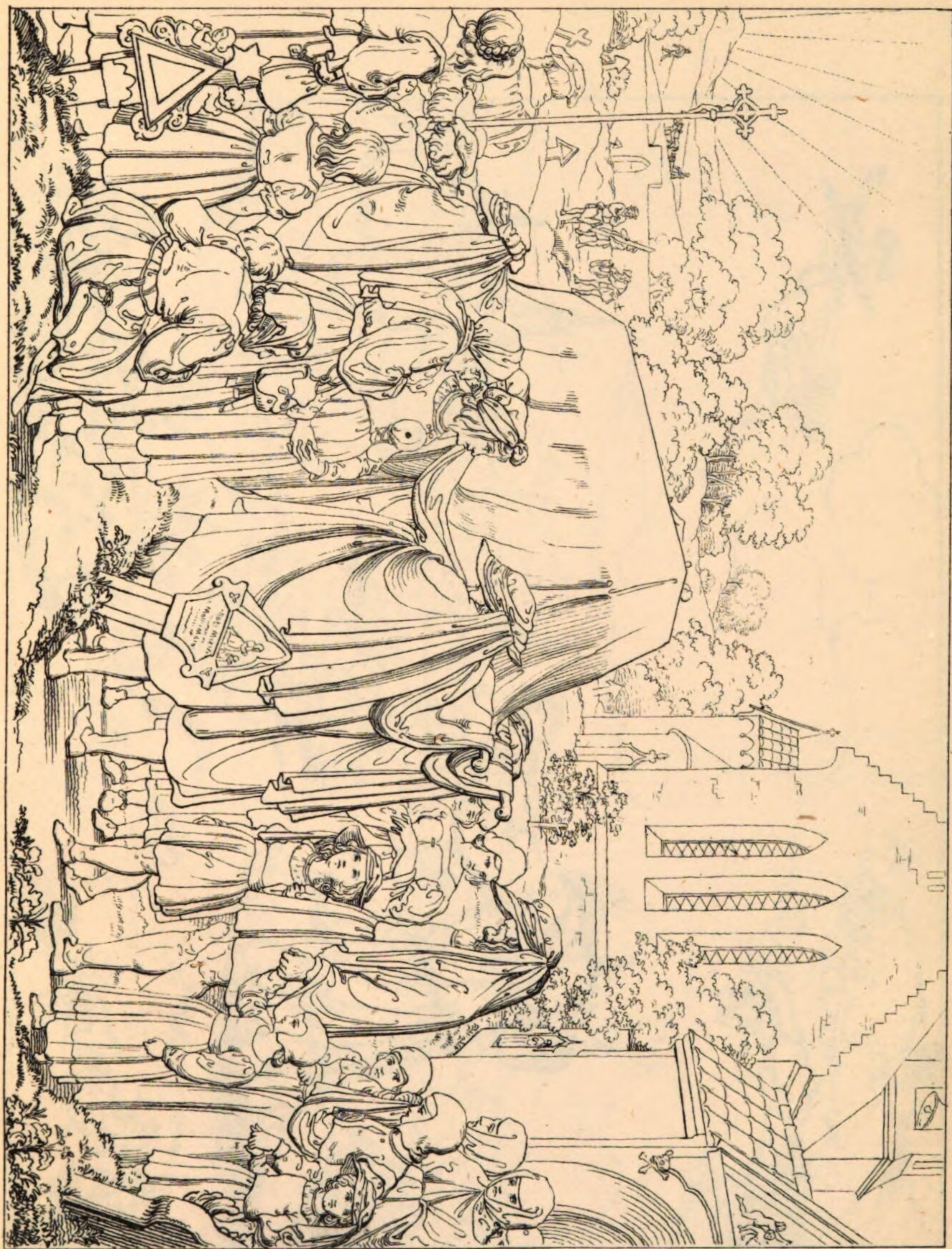


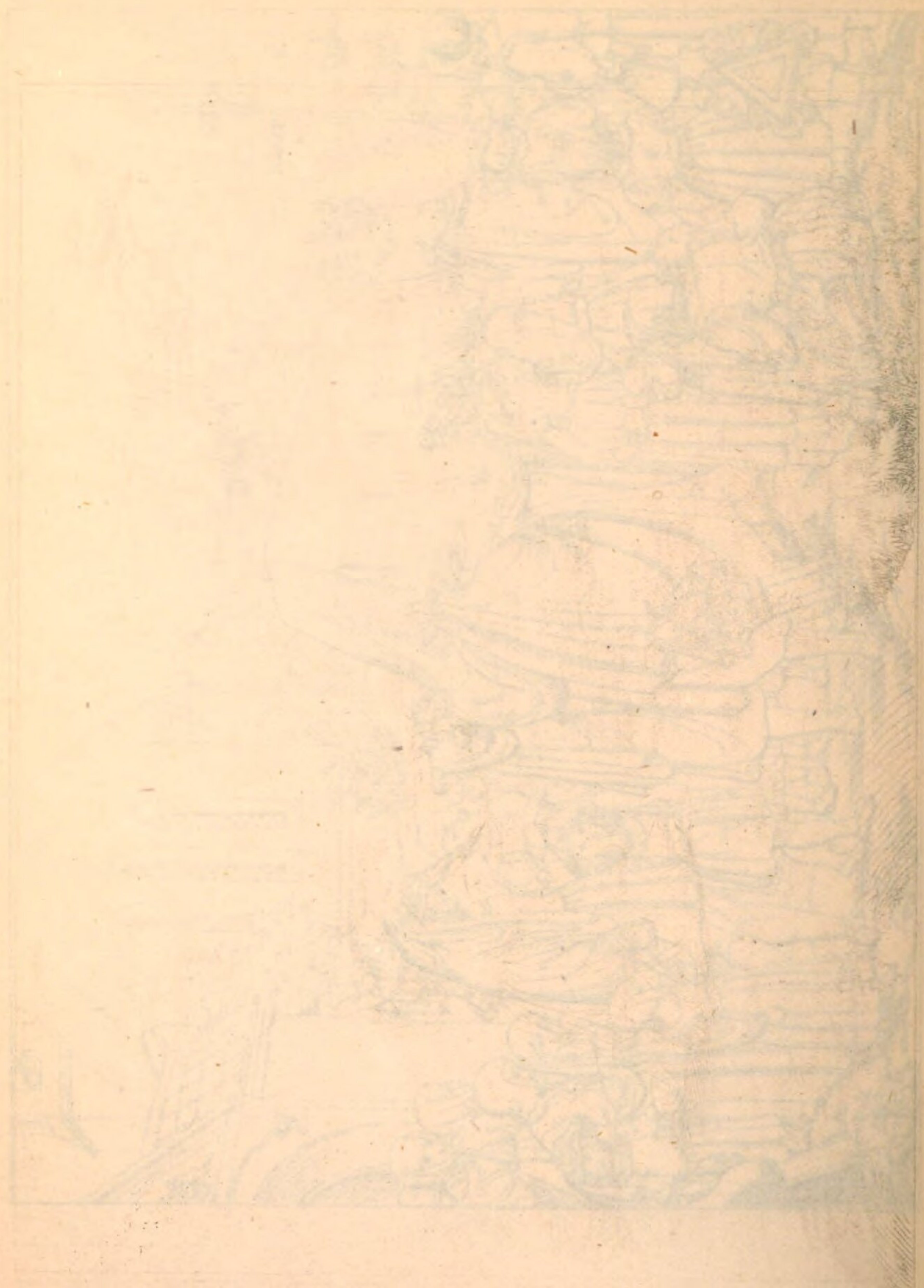




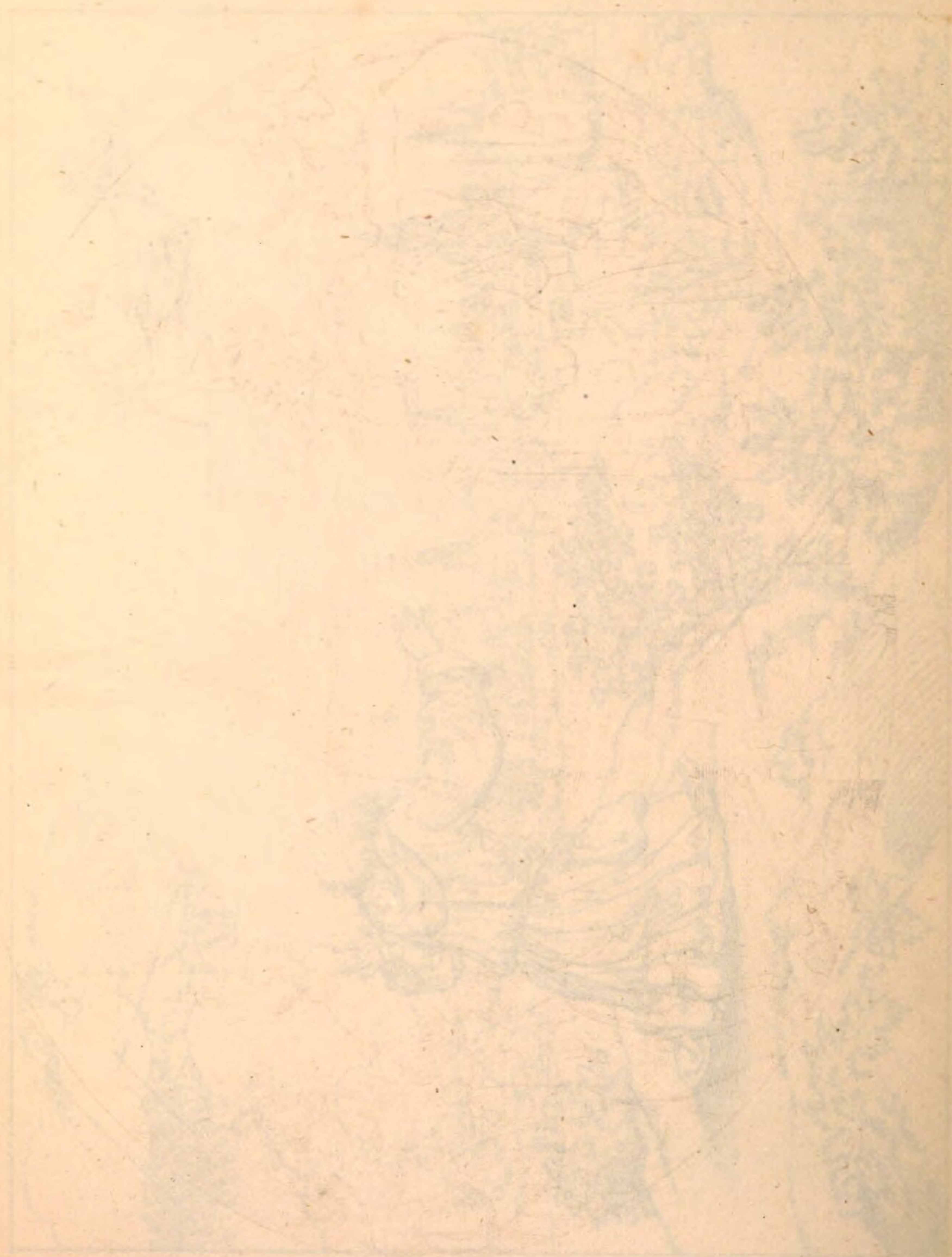


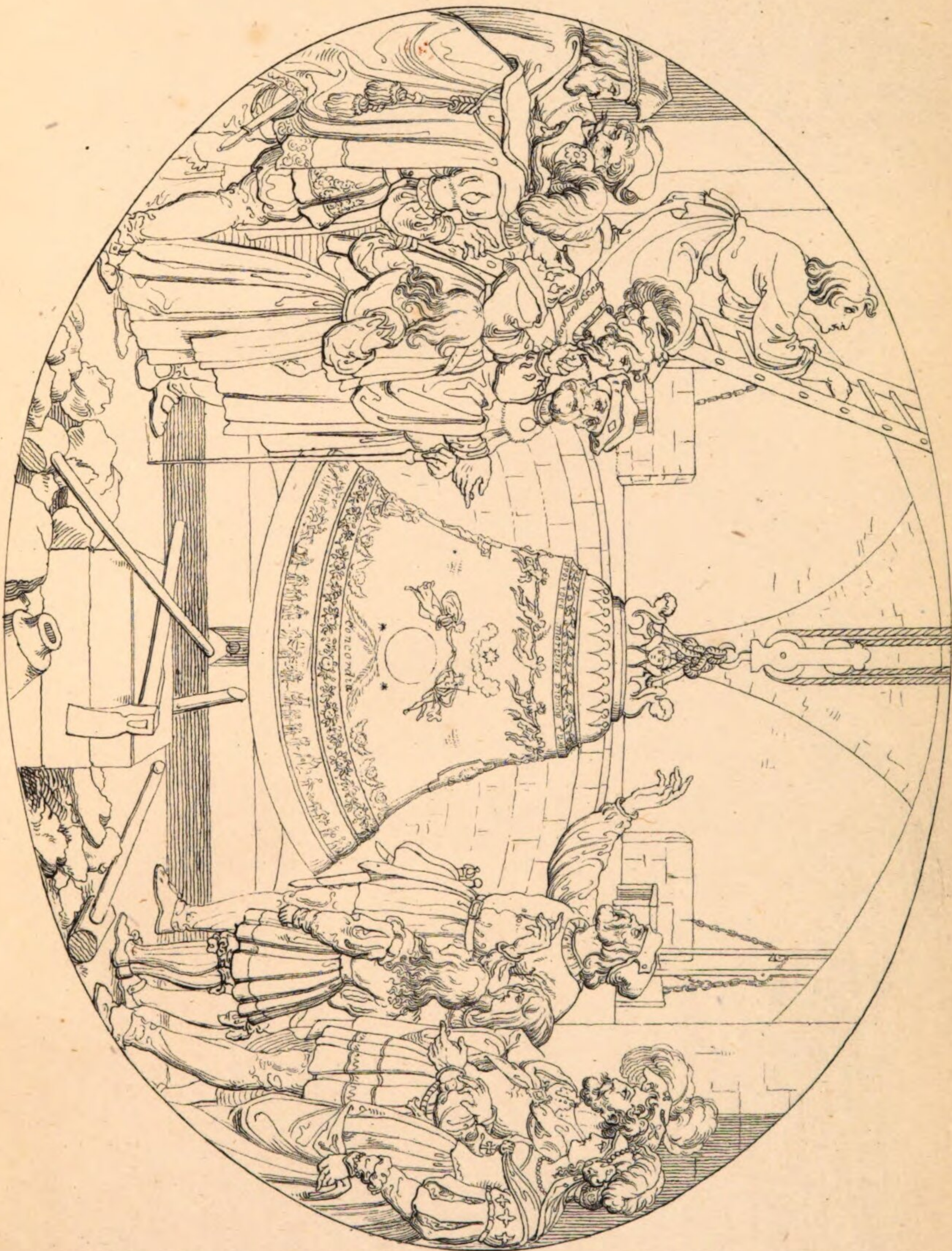














Furness, William H.

Gems of german verse

Philadelphia 1860

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